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THE CRY OF THE WEARY.

BY J. H.

Love and Charity are sleeping,
While the years are hurrying by;
They hear not woman's weeping,
Nor the children's painful cry,
Is the time for their awakening never, never drawing nigh?

Is there none to hear the moaning,
As it rises from below,
Of an earth in anguish groaning,
"Will the world be ever so?
Will there never come an ending to our misery and woe?"

"Why is Justice so uneven?
Why is life so full of pain?
Are our dreams of that fair Heaven,
That we long for, false and vain?
Will lost Charity and Pity never come to us again?"

Courage! night is swiftly going,
And the dawn will soon be here,
And, with light of morning growing,
Will dispel all doubt and fear;
Like a springtide full of promise of a happier, holier year.

Then will Charity awaken;
Then will strong Love shake off sleep,
And the world, now peace-forsaken,
Will forget to toil and weep,
And will rest in sweet contentment, like a wind-forgotten deep.

BARBARA GRAHAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWICE MARRIED," "MABEL MAY," ETC.

CHAPTER III. [CONTINUED.]

BARBARA tried to recall one of those favorite and most frequently-sung airs. She first began to hum it half unconsciously then, as the melody recurred from the very practice, she gradually gave her voice play, and at last the sweet strains of those childish, clear young tones rose on the air. They were the simple, noble notes of the well-known hymn of the American poet:—

> Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
> Life is but an empty dream.

The music was simple; the words had been early taught to the thoughtful child by her mother, as if in anticipation of the bitter trials that mature and precocious nature might endure.

Barbara had learnt them while yet unconscious of their meaning; but she had never forgotten the musical cadence of the strength-inspiring poet, and now the words were developing the rich, cheering sense, through the severe teaching of life's sorrows.

And it was wonderful what power and sweetness there was in that young voice; how amply it promised rare sweetness and excellence in after years, and what depth of feeling betrayed itself in the expression she gave to the words and simple music to which they were set.

Intuitively the child felt that for her life would be a strife, a battle to fight in this weary world; that many a day of strenuous exertion, of bitter mortification, of desolation amid unsympathising companions and haughty patrons, might be hers. And she sang the verses with the ardor of a warm heart and a strong will, that would suffer and yet be strong in the fight.

Then, as she finished, her head fell on her hands, and in spite of her brave spirit and fancied fortitude, the shadow of the future, the bitterness of the past rushed again on her mind, which even music and poetry could not chase away.

Suddenly she was startled by the sharp bark of a dog, and, looking up, saw a gentleman leaning against a neighboring tree, and regarding her intently.

He came forward as she perceived him with a grave but not unpleasant smile.

Barbara gazed in bewilderment for a few moments.

She thought she had seen that face and figure before; and yet for a time could not remember when and where, though a vague feeling of some painful association mingled with the remembrance.

"You need not be afraid of my dog," he said in a low but pleasantly-toned voice. "Like his master, he would not disturb you till you had finished you song. Down, Carlo; be quiet, sir."

Barbara knew him now, and the blood rushed over her sallow cheek, and the dark grey eyes blazed with light.

"Oh, sir, where is Lily?" she asked. "Have you brought her to see me?"

"My little friend," he replied, with one of his genial smiles, "I believe you need not expect your blue-eyed little sister ever to set her eyes on the walls of yonder lively building again.

"But that is no reason why you should not see her," he addeed, seeing the sudden paleness of the child's changful face. "As soon as the little fairy is thoroughly accustomed to my sister and her new life, and she is not jealous of old associations, I shall remind her of your existence, my little Rachel, and persuade her to let you pay them a visit."

"My name is Barbara, sir, not Rachel," said the child, simply.

"Very likely, my little Puritan," said he; "but, nevertheless, you remind me wonderfully of a certain lady called Rachel, and it therefore pleases me to re-christen you.

"Please don't, sir," she said, gravely. "I like Barbara best."

"Humph," said he, "tastes differ; but I will comply with your reasonable request on the condition that you tell me who taught you to sing."

A slight return of the old glow came back to her pale cheek.

Though naturally reserved and timid, there was a self-possession and natural courtesy about her, unusual in children at her age, and she replied, with a quiet propriety that seemed to amuse the fastidious Ashley, "I never was taught, sir; but I used to hear mamma sing, and listen to the music on Sunday, and sing the hymns at church."

"Do you know the words you sung just now and who wrote them?"

This was rather a posing question, but a moment's thought's recalled the name to her strangely-tentive memory.

"Mamma said Mr. Longfellow wrote them, sir, and that he was a very good man."

"Well," said Ashley, with his old cynical smile, "as I said before, tastes differ; but I think you had better not sing any more, unless you mean to lose your voice altogether.

"It is too cold to stay here, child; run in at once, and read your book, and sing your 'good man's songs by the fire.'"

Barbara looked up doubtingly in his face. It was one that would have puzzled many an older and more experienced eye, with the mingling of cynical bitterness and a sort of earnest, kindly look in the eyes, and a rare smile on the lips, when the owner chose to give play to the fascination he possessed at will.

"Well, little Barbarita," he continued, "what are you spelling in my physiognomy, that you look so earnestly at it?"

"I don't know, sir," she replied.

"A very likely thing for most persons," said he; "but I rather think that, child as you are, you generally know why you do things. Tell me, what do you look at me so inquiringly for?"

"To see if you are really meant to be kind, sir, or whether you were laughing at me," said Barbara.— Well, what is the answer?" he asked.

"I think you are kind, sir," she replied; "at least——"

"At least!" said he; "what?"

"When you think people deserve it," she replied.

"Deserve it?" he repeated, bitterly; "aye, when is that, I wonder." Then, seeing her half-frightened look, he added, "There, little one, you have made a pretty good guess, and I think you deserve it, at least while you are a child. Time enough to be worthless and ungrateful when you get older."

"Never!" burst indignantly from her proud lips.

"Why should you say such things, sir? I don't see why I should get wicked; I ought to be better when I am older, only—only" (and the tears rushed in her large eyes) "people make me naughty sometimes."

"Who does?" he asked. "Does your—what do you call her?—the head of your establishment over there."

"Mrs. Fenton," said Barbara. "Oh, no; she is always kind, and teaches me to feel good when she can."

"Then, who does make you naughty?" he asked.

The girl flushed deeply, and he added, "Come, tell me; I really want to know, and I won't laugh, nor tell tales."

"Then I will tell you," she said, with a sudden lighting up of her grey eyes. "I felt discontented and angry when dear Lily was taken away, and when I heard the lady despise me because I was ugly. I was so very wicked then, but I am not so now."

"Poor child! poor child!" he said. "Well, it is human nature—woman's nature, at least—speaking in that childish heart of yours.

"But listen, child. Beauty is quite as often the cause of people getting wicked as it is of their being despised for being ugly, and there may be a better destiny for you even yet than for the little spoiled fairy yonder."

"Better than Lily!" she said, indignantly. "Oh, sir, you don't suppose I was vexed because Lily was better and prettier than I am, and got a much better home? Oh no; it was that I was angry with the lady who took her; and that was naughty, I know; for it is better for Lily, and she did not mean to be cruel to me."

Sidney Ashley looked earnestly at the girl, and his lips moved for a minute, as if to utter something that he yet hesitated to speak.

Then he held out his hand, and took her cold fingers in it with a kindly pressure.

"You have freely explained yourself, my child," said he, "and I don't think you can get naughty as you get older. There, now run in, and warm yourself. We shall meet again perhaps some day."

The girl ran off, highly glad to escape, yet pleased and excited by the strange adventure, and Sidney remained for a few minutes in deep thought.

"Helena was not so far wrong," he thought. "There is uncommon intellect and originality in that face, plain as it is, which might turn out something. How those large eyes of hers blazed up! They would make a beauty of most girls. But then that skin and the elf-like hair are something fearful. No, no; I confess I am not old enough to prefer talent to such beauty and grace as my little ward's. She is lovely, and I have but to watch her training to make her a perfect woman; ay, almost equal to——"

He did not utter the name, but a sharp pang seemed to sting him at the idea, and he walked hastily on.

Then a sudden change of resolution made him alter his course, and walk hastily to the asylum.

A few minutes brought the respectable matron of the establishment to his presence somewhat fluttered at the unexpected visit from another of the trio who had so invaded the peace of her establishment.

"Mrs. Fenton," he said, "I believe you will think our family regular monomaniacs as regards your little girls; but I think it is hardly fair for my aunt and cousin to monopolise the two little beauties, and leave that poor, pale, plain child quite out of their gifts.

"Just then I happened to hear her singing in the wood, and her voice seemed to me rather extraordinary for so young a child. I am no bad judge, and I was really surprised at the child's tone. I suppose she is not taught music?"

"Oh no, sir, that is quite out of the rules," replied the matron.

"I don't understand these things myself, sir; but I always did think Barbara had a pretty voice; and the organist told her to sit with the choir on Sundays; but I am not quite sure whether the others like it."

"Humph!" said Sidney. "And does the organist teach music?"

"I don't know, sir," was the reply; "but I think he does."

"Very well, then you may tell him to give the child some lessons, and I will pay him for them," said Sidney. "It would be a pity she should not have some instruction with that voice and ear. It may be of use to her some day."

"Thank you kinkly, sir," said the matron, eagerly. "I am very, very grateful on the poor child's behalf, for she is an uncommon child, sir; and if she had been brought up as she was born to be, she would have learnt as quick again as her sister or Claudy."

The gentleman winced a little; but he was to much a man of the world to betray the slightest interest in the question; he wished it to be understood that what he had done was merely a careless fancy.

"Very well," said he; "I am quite satisfied; and if the girl is to be only a nursery maid, she can sing away to the children. Good evening. There is my card, for the master to send in his bill when he likes."

Mr. Ashley sauntered carelessly from the room, leaving the same doubt on the matron's mind as on Barbara's—"whether he really meant to be kind or not."

* * * * *

Day after day, week after week, passed away monotonously for Barbara Graham; and, excepting the delight of the new sources afforded her by the miniature library she now possessed, and the yet more rare and unexpected excitement of the music lessons, the orphan's life was dreary and uncheered by sympathy or companionship.

There was perhaps no child in that asylum with whom that deep, earnest nature could have sympathized, even if the whole love and interest she could bestow had not been lavished on the absent Lily, and by reflection and association, rather than inclination on Claudia.

The girl's thoughts and feelings were thus hourly turned more and more on the past, on the strange fancies and musings of her own child brain, and the new world which was opened to her by the studies into which she threw the whole energy and intellect of her nature.

Then, too, the music.

That new voice, if it might be so called, in which the vague yet present feelings and sorrows, and desires, might find vent—oh, that was indeed a rare, intense joy to the desolate child.

Perhaps the delight was increased and deepened by its rarity, and comparative difficulty of attainment, for Barbara had no means of practising except in the house of the organist himself.

The asylum contained no instrument, no means of carrying out Sidney Ashley's capricious order; and Barbara, instead of obeying with reluctance the command for her daily practice, found it the greatest pleasure of her life.

Mr. Seafield, the organist, was too great

an enthusiast in his art not to recognise a kindred genius even in the untutored orphan child, and he generously afforded every facility to a pupil of such rare taste and willingness to endure all the drudgery of the art.

No labor was too great for the child to undertake; no cold too intense to shorten her practice in the fireless room; and yet, with all this assiduity, she displayed as rare a quickness in learning, as patience in working out her master's orders.

No one could have guessed that the "charity" girl who was seen twice a week hurrying to and from Mr. Seafield's house, was his favorite and promising pupil, even in that early stage of her progress.

Notwithstanding all these pleasures and occupations of the head, the poor child's heart was still void and desolate, and a longing to see once more her darling Lily—her beautiful, precious sister—increased to a painful intensity, that would sometimes seem unendurable.

Barbara could have walked for miles—endured hunger and thirst and cold—for one glimpse of her beloved sister, who always haunted her very dreams, and often made her wake up with tearful eyes and extended arms, clasping a shadow, an empty space, instead of a reality.

Thus the months passed away till the return of July brightness and verdure, fruits and sunshine, flowers and singing-birds appeared also to bring with it a ray of hope to the little one that her eager longing might be gratified.

The brief holiday given to the orphans was always timed for that rich summer month, and Mrs. Fenton would sometimes give the older or more distinguished children some little excursions, or select a companion for one of her own expeditions in the country, or to town during the short cessation from daily duties; and Barbara had hoped and prayed in silent and unobtrusive, but still most earnest anxiety, that this might be made an opportunity for claiming the cold promise extorted from Lady Joddrell, that she should sometimes be permitted to see her sister.

The child watched each look and word of the matron with an intense and painful solicitude that was strange in one so young; yet more strange that it was confined so wonderfully within her young heart. It was a rare power of self-control, but it was rewarded at last.

One bright, joyous July morning the orphan child was directed to dress herself in her best attire, and with all possible care and neatness.

Mrs. Fenton herself brushed and arranged her massy black hair in rich folds away from her pale face, which it usually almost shaded, and tied a rose-colored handkerchief round her throat, to give a little gaiety and bloom to the sombre dress and pale face of the orphan.

"I am going to take you to pay a visit, Barbara," she said; "and then we will go to London and buy the music Mr. Seafield said he wanted for you.

"Mr. Ashley said that you were to have what was necessary for you to fit yourself to gain your living by teaching; and if you get on as fast as you seem to do, I think you will perhaps some day be a fine music teacher."

"I hope so," said the child; "I want to learn enough to teach everything, and I love music dearly; but I think I should not like to do nothing else, as Mr. Seafield does. Do you think I shall ever be a governess, Mrs. Fenton?"

"I hope so, my dear," she replied; "but it depends on the directors. But, Barbara, can you fancy where we are going?"

"To Lily, darling Lily, are we not, dear Mrs. Fenton?" she said, and her pale cheek flushed tumultuously.

"Perhaps, if you are good," was the reply. "But you must not give way to any such silly ecstacies when we are there. Great ladies don't like it, my dear, and you would not wish to offend Lily's new mamma."

"She is not her mamma!" cried the little child, impetuously; "and I hope Lily will never call her so."— "Barbara!" said the matron, reprovingly.

"Forgive me, forgive me," said the penitent little creature, bursting into tears; "but I did love my mamma, my own mamma, so dearly!"

"Yes, yes, my child, I know all about it," said Mrs. Fenton; "but if you cry instead of laugh, I won't take you—you will not be fit to be seen. There, dry your eyes and then we'll set off."

Barbara obeyed, suppressing with wonderful self-control the tears that almost choked her, and then followed her kind friend along the gravel path to the gate, and got into a fly that was waiting.

"We must walk a long way afterwards, to make up for this extravagance, Barbara," said the matron; "but I thought we should have a better chance of getting into the great house if we went in a respectable way."

"How kind!" said the child, gratefully seizing the hand of the kindly woman.

Barbara sat still, motionless as the cushion on which she sat, till the fly stopped at the large gates of an elegant villa residence some five miles from the asylum. She dared not speak for fear of again yielding to the eager flutter of her heart, or perhaps beginning again to cry, in defiance of Mrs. Fenton's warning.

The great bell was pulled by the driver of the fly, and soon answered by a respectable-looking porter.

"Does Lady Joddrell live here?" he then asked.

"Yes," was the reply.

"And the little girl, Lillian Graham—we wish to see her," said Mrs. Fenton.

"My lady is just going out, and there is no Lillian Graham here," said the man making no effort to unclose the gate. "Miss Lily Joddrell is the young lady's name; but my lady don't let her see any one like you," he added, in a decided, yet not altogether harsh tone.

It seemed as if he had a duty which he rather disliked to perform, but dared not neglect.

"But she is my sister—I must see her!" cried Barbara, springing forward in an agony of distress.

"My lady promised me I might. Oh, do go and ask her; I shall never forget you, if you will be so kind."

The poor child's eyes were actually distended with terror, and her clasped hands were held up in imploring distress, which it must have been a hard heart to resist.

"Well, if she promised, of course that is different," said the porter; "but my orders are very strict to let no one in but ladies to see Miss Lily. But wait a bit—I'll go and see."

The next five minutes appeared very long to the poor child, as she stood straining her eyes with a gaze that seemed to look through the gate which the porter had again closed behind him.

At last it opened, but instead of the portly figure of the domestic, the slowly approaching carriage betokened the ill-omened approach of the lady herself.

In fact it was Lady Joddrell's soft yet cold voice that bade the man stop the carriage for a moment.

She leaned forward from the window, and beckoned Barbara to come to the door, while Mrs. Fenton also drew near enough to hear what passed, in hopes that she might succeed in obtaining the poor child's desire.

"You are the child I saw at the asylum, are you not?" she said, frigidly.

"Yes, madam, I am Lily's sister," replied Barbara.

"You said I might come and see her. Oh, if you knew how miserable I have been, you would not be angry with me for coming. Do please let me see her! Oh, don't refuse me."

The imploring agony of the tone would have melted a heart of stone; but Lady Joddrell's heart did not happen to be of stone; it was that more imperious india-rubber kind, which is capable of no impression whatever.

"I am very sorry you happen to be her sister," said the lady, "and I assure you it pains me to refuse you: but when you remember the circumstances, you ought not to expect to associate with her as you used to do.

"She will be educated to move in a circle very far above you, and you ought to be more than willing to give her up when you know how fortunate she has been to secure so wealthy a home; besides, she is getting over the separation very nicely indeed; and if she were to see you, it would make matters almost as bad as ever. I dare say you are a good girl, and will not trouble me any more.

"I am determined on the matter. It is impossible for you to see Lily again; and though I am very sorry I am forced to disappoint you, I feel I am doing right."

Barbara could no longer control herself. She fell on her knees on the smooth gravel path, and a great choking, gasping sob shook her little frame before she could utter a word. At last it came hoarsely.

"Oh, madam, madam, are we to be parted for ever? Oh, I cannot bear it—I cannot! Oh, let me see Lily once more, once more! You promised me I should, indeed you did! I have only got Lily to love in all the whole world."

Lady Joddrell was not a cruel woman, but she was strangely weak and worldly. It was an unpleasant disturbance to the illusion she tried to create for herself, to be forced to remember her "daughter," as she called Lily, was come of other blood, had other ties and other memories than herself and her elegant home.

She wanted to forget, and for Lily to forget, that she was not in truth her child; so she answered resolutely.

"It pains me to refuse you," said she; "and as to my promise, it was rashly given, and is better broken. I hope you will never come to my house again, for I shall give orders that you are not to be admitted. Lily is well and happy, and that is enough for you. Good morning!"

Signing to the coachman to go on, Lady Joddrell threw a small purse towards the still kneeling child, and then drove hastily off.

Barbara remained like a little statue on the ground, cold and rigid. She could hardly comprehend the full extent of her misery till Mrs. Fenton raised her from her kneeling posture, and tried to draw her towards the fly.

Then the full passion of rage and grief burst out.

She seized the purse and dashed it against the railings of the gate with a force that scattered the money far and wide.

"Wicked, wicked woman!" she exclaimed passionately; "oh, I hope Lily will hate her as much as I do; I hope———"

"Barbara, Barbara, are you mad?" said Mrs Fenton, sternly, for the child's flaming eyes and flushed face really terrified her. "My child, you will bring worse misery on yourself by such a temper as this. Think what you are wishing—that Lily, whom you love so much, should be unhappy, and hate the lady who does so much for her."

"But she will grow wicked, too, if she loves her," said the child, passionately; "and then, to refuse me to see her—oh, I cannot bear it—I cannot! I wish I could die."

"What is the matter? what is all this?" said a voice near them.

It was Sidney Ashley, who had just walked up to the spot, unobserved even by the porter, in the excitement of the poor child's agony.

"Why, the little singing bird—the nightingale, in tears? (no bad comparison for such a plain child!" he muttered aside). "What has happened, my good lady?" he said, turning to Mrs. Fenton for an explanation, as Barbara impetuously snatched her hand from his, and rushed into the fly.

"The poor child is disappointed, sir," she replied.

"My lady will not allow her to see her sister, and she is very fond of the little creature, and did reckon very much on seeing her to-day sir."

"And what reason did my sister give?" he asked.

"She said she did not think it right for the children to see any more of each other, sir, since Lily is to be so different from her sister, and that it would only unsettle the little girl again; but she promised Barbara—and that makes it seem more hard."

Sidney Ashley's brow contracted into a heavy frown, but he did not speak for a few moments.

At first a sudden impulse had made him put his hand on the gate, as if to open it; then he drew it back, and considered again for some minutes.

"It is not for me to interfere in my sister's house," said he, "and perhaps she is right in some respects; still I am very sorry for that little 'original' there. Do you think she could be trusted if she gave a promise?"

"Yes, sir, I am sure she could," was the ready reply.

"Very well," said Sidney; "then I will speak to her, though she is not very inviting just now as a conversational companion." He approached the fly, and said in a quiet, calm tone, that arrested the child's attention at once, "Barbara, you want to see your sister?

"Yes, sir," said the child.

"Should you like me to take you to see her?" he asked.

Her face flushed—flashed, rather, with a lightening-like joy, then it fell back into a bitter look of anguish.

"I must not," she said; "I must not—the lady said so; and I cannot go in."— "But if I took you, Barbara, and she did not know it?"

Her face lightned again, but now with indignant pride.

"No!" she exclaimed, "I wouldn't see Lily like that; the lady would be angry with her; and, besides, I wouldn't go in like a thief, and make Lily tell fibs."

Sidney Ashley looked steadily at that speaking face, and a look of almost tenderness came over his own.

"Truth, truth!" he murmured. "But will it last?—can it last? But 'tis a fine nature, too, in that homely little setting."

"You are a good child," he said aloud; "but still I can, I think, gratify you without breaking my sister's orders, or making your sister tell fibs. If she was to come out on the terrace there, would you be content to stay here, and not try to come to her, or let her see you?"

"You are kind," said the child, simply. "I will."

"Enough," said Sidney. "Stay here a little, and I will now see whether it can be done."

He said a few words to the porter, and begging Mrs. Fenton to get into the fly and keep concealed from observation, he walked rapidly towards the house.

Barbara held her breath as he disappeared and clasped Mrs. Fenton's hands with a grasp almost painful to the good woman, childlike as the fingers were.

The suspense was but for a few minutes, then a French window opened, a joyous well-know laugh was heard, and a fairy figure bounded on to the terrace and down the slope within a few yards of the gate.

It was Lily; but how changed even in those few months! Her golden hair was brighter and silkier than ever under the skilful care it received; her transparent skin more pure and dazzling in its bloom; her eyes and lips brilliant with childish happiness and gratified fancies, and abundant pleasures.

The white frock, spotless in its exquisite fineness and freshness, the floating ribbons the embroidered little trousers, set off the childish beauty to the utmost, and the whole *entourage* seemed to suit and to add to the fairy vision.

Barbara gazed with streaming eyes at the idolized little creature; then her eyes fell on her own plain dark dress, and perhaps her thoughts wandered to her plain unattractive features, and an expression flitted over her face that said, "We are indeed apart for life!" Then the joyous bright laugh, the radiant little face, said so plainly that all was forgotten, save the happy present, that a pang shot through her young heart at the contrast to her own great love.

Then she turned to Mrs. Fenton with an appealing look.

"Shall we go, darling? It is enough!" said Mrs. Fenton; still the girl clung to that last look she might have of that bright little being.

"Not yet, please," she replied.

At that moment some one within called the child back, and with a light bound she sprang up the terrace, and into the house. Then Barbara sank back, with a burst of tears, as if her heart would break, and Mrs. Fenton ordered the driver to go on, wisely letting the child sob on her shoulder without interuption till the first agony was past. Then she said gently, "You will be happy about Lily now, dear?"

"Yes, yes, only she is gone—gone for ever!" said the poor child. "We are not sisters now."

Mrs. Fenton felt that it was but too true, and drew the orphan in silence closer to her heart

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CHAPTER IV.

SIX years had elapsed—six eventful years in a child's life—and Barbara Graham had passed those years in a monotonous yet very important way.

She had worked hard, and with a success and a result absolutely astonishing in one with such slender help and advantages. The books furnished by Sidney Ashley had formed the basis of a stock of knowledge which many of far greater advantages of constant and careful training could not equal.

Again and again had she read and pondered over the contents of her store of books, till she was a complete master of every page they contained; she had obeyed every direction, tested every rule, performed every exercise, till a thorough groundwork had been laid for future rapid and safe progress in the solid branches of English, and the rudiments of French and Italian, which she had completely learnt to understand.

Then in music she had more than justified her master's partial predictions.

So far as his slender and limited style of teaching and knowledge went, his pupil had attained all that he could give of excellence.

And her voice, too, so sweet and rich in childhood, was fulfilling its promise, albeit Mr. Seafield was too wise to allow it to be spoiled by early trial, and only at rare and judicious intervals permitted her to practice some safe and unstrained simple exercise.

It was a labor of love to the worthy man; and even after he pronounced that he could do little more for the talented child, he yet insisted on superintending her practice of the old and well-learnt lessons, and guarding her from the errors of youth, and too ardent an imagination, in her progress.

Sidney Ashley never appeared again on the scene; but every year a remittance sufficient to defray the extra expenses of the orphan's education, was sent by his agent to Mrs. Fenton, with a request that she would inform him at any time whether the child, for whose benefit it was sent, had left the asylum, or no longer needed the assistance.

It was plain that the young man wished it to be clearly understood that he did not intend in any way to constitute himself the patron of the girl to whose genius for music he had ministered, perhaps in a fit of capricious generosity.

Claudy and Lily had also disappeared as entirely from the knowledge or intercourse of any one in that asylum, as if they had never formed part of its inmates; but Barbara remained as a link between their memory and that refuge of desolate infancy; and, she, too, must now speedily quit its walls for the battle that awaited her in the wide, dreary world.

She knew that the hour was coming when she must begin "life in earnest," when she would really find her position in the world, and begin that suffering in reality, which had hitherto been hers only in idea.

Mortifications, neglect, labor, perhaps poverty, were what would probably await the unprotected, unaided orphan in the career she was about to begin.

When Barbara contrasted her own fate with that of her favored young sister, and knew that it was simply from Lily's loveliness that she had won favor in her adopted mother's eyes, was it wonderful that she should gaze at herself in the glass, and ask bitterly why to her had been denied the irresistible charm of beauty?

Some such repining, bitter thought as this had passed through Barbara's mind on a beautiful Summer's day, so very like that on which, six years before, she had been turned from the gates of her sister's adopted home.

She had gazed from the window and hailed the glorious sunshine, the bright hopes of that beautiful, joyous July day—the cold, insulting words of the worldly-minded woman—the vision of her bright, fairy-like sister, in her beauty and her refined entourage, till her heart died within her at the contrast.

She turned to the mirror, it reflected only a pale, sallow, sad face, with the dark setting of that heavy black hair, and she turned from it in impatient, bitter disgust, she saw not, heeded not the glorious gifts of genius that were hers, the soul that shone in the splendid eyes, the unconscious but unmistakable intellect and dignity of her girlish face and form.

As she was once more returning to her former seat, with a morbid delight in contrasting the outward brightness with the darkness within, Mrs. Fenton opened the door, and drew a chair beside that of her favorite pupil.

"Barbara, my child," said she, "I have something to tell you."

The girl looked earnestly at her, and saw the sad look on her kindly face.

"I know what it is," she said—"that it is a situation found for me. I am to go away at once."

"My dear child, I am very sorry to part with you," said the matron, "but I believe it will eventually turn out for your good.

"There is a situation engaged for you, which I think will not be a disagreeable, and certainly not a menial one, and it may perhaps be better for you than remaining here."

"Well," said the girl; and her lips were pressed together as if to keep back any expression of complaint or even curiosity.

"It is with one of the directors, my dear, Colonel Forbes," said the matron.

"He has one daughter, about a year older than yourself; and as he does not like to part with her to go to school, she has a governess at home.

"But she insists on having some one near her own age to wait on her; and as she is a completely spoiled child, they have yielded to the fancy, and applied to me for one of our elder girls, who have been properly brought up, and could be trusted to preserve their proper station, and humor the fancies, without any danger of corrupting the principles or lowering the tastes of the petted girl.

"I thought of you at once, Barbara, as only at the last board day the question of your longer residence in the asylum had been discussed, and I feared a worse position might be found for you if you did not take this one; and so——"

"I am to be a servant," said Barbara, bitterly. "It does not signify."

"Barbara, my child, do not be so unjust," said Mrs. Fenton.

"It is not as a servant, only a sort of humble companion to Miss Forbes that you will be considered; and if you are good and prudent, I feel sure you will soon become a favorite, and very likely it may prove an opening for better things.

"When the young lady is taking her lessons you may learn something more."

Barbara was not in a good mood, and even Mrs. Fenton's kindly cheering prophecies could not chase away the evil spirit that possessed her.

"You forget I am too ugly for any one but you and Mr. Seafield to care for me," she said. "Is Miss Forbes beautiful?"

"I have heard that she is," replied the matron. "Her mother is a handsome woman, but I have not seen Miss Forbes since she was a little girl."

"Then she will hate me," said Barbara, bitterly; "unless it is to make her seem more beautiful by the contrast."

"Barbara, Barbara, my child, God forgive you for such uncharitable, wicked thoughts!" said Mrs. Fenton.

"He made you as you are; He gave you talents, and friends who have helped you to learn what you might otherwise have never even heard of; and now you would repine and rebel because He has not made you as pretty as Lily, or Claudy, or Miss Forbes. Child, child, the day may come when you would not exchange with those you now envy, and when you will confess how wrong and sinful it was to repine because you had not the gift of fleeting beauty."

Barbara was silent; rebuked, conscious, convinced in her judgment, but not her heart, she asked, "When am I to go, madam?"

"Do not speak so coldly and bitterly, my child," said Mrs. Fenton. "You know I shall grieve to part with you; but I am powerless in the matter. When? why, this week, I believe.

"Like all spoiled children, Miss Forbes is impatient for her new fancy to be carried out, and I have promised that you shall be ready to go on Friday.

"It is better so, dear; you would only be grieving over it, and when once the parting is over, you will be better and happier. And now I must go, love. There, be a good girl—don't fret."

She kissed the pale cheek lovingly, but no responsive caress came from Barbara's cold lips.

A hard, bitter spirit had come over her, and she could not at that moment feel aught but uncharitable, unjust suspicions and thoughts against her best and kindest friend.

Mrs. Fenton left the room with a look of sorrow rather than anger, and left Barbara to her own undisturbed reflections.

Thoughts, varied and sad, of past and present, and of the unknown future—the hardships, the mortifications of her lot—crowded on her mind, and made her, the friends who had deserted her, and hate the beautiful, scornful girl, whom she had already pictured to herself in Pauline Forbes.

"Why am I to be unloved, humiliated, dependent, because my features are not so regular, my skin not so fair and smooth, and my hair not so fair and bright as Lily's—sweet, darling Lily? Oh, my sister, I could have begged for you, worked for you; but now—oh, it is hard, very hard that my own sister should be separated by a wide, wide gulf."

The thought of Lily brought a burst of tears that relieved the over-strained, hard feelings of the highly-wrought girl, and with those tears came gentler, softer thoughts and hopes, and words of comfort and promise that had often fallen on the ear but not on the heart.

"God can love me even if I am less fair in the sight of others," came into her mind; "and it may be that He is only preparing me for being better and more humble than my nature is now."

Barbara knelt down and prayed—prayed, with tears, against her own proud, rebellious heart; and as she rose from her knees, she almost fancied that the victory was gained.

Poor child! many a struggle and many a trial were in store for her ere that lofty nature was brought under the softened and subdued power of a gentle and submissive spirit.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE HOTEL CLERK.—The hotel clerk is a young man who was originally created to fill an Emperor's throne or adorn a dukedom, but when he grew up, there being fewer thrones and dooms than there were Emperors and Dukes, he was temporarily forced to take a position behind a hotel register. His chief characteristics are dignity of bearing, radiant gorgeousness of apparel, haughtiness of manner and jewelry. His principal duties consist in hammering on the call bell, in handing guests the wrong keys to their room, and in keeping a supply of toothpicks on the end of the desk.

Sam Pottle's Catch.

BY A SPORTSMAN.

SAM, or, as he was more generally called, Sammy Pottle, was the best fisherman within twenty miles of his cottage, on the banks of the Stour.

He was a little, plump fellow, with a fat, rosy countenance; a perpetual smile lurked at the corners of his mouth; and in the twinkle of h's small, gray eyes, was a mixture of fun and good-humor, which put a new acquaintance at once on good terms with the possessor.

From being frequently in the society of the gentlemen anglers who frequented the place, and to whom he acted as cicerone, he had picked up a good address, and laid in a large stock of polite phrases, with which he never failed to interlard his discourse.

Sammy was rather a wag; but what principally rendered him a favorite with the good folks of the village, was his talent for the marvellous, in which he was a most profound believer.

It was about ten o'clock of a fine moonlight night in the month of August; Sammy was seated at a table, covered with all the apparatus of the practical angler; he had just made the last two or three coils with his silk to fasten off a splice in the top of his rod.

On this he had been for a considerable time intensely occupied, only raising his eyes from it at intervals to snuff his candle.

"What a suffocating feel there is the air!" exclaimed he aloud, snipping off the end of the silk. "The river's in such high order! But—if we have a storm——How—sleepy—ish—I'm get—ting!"

"Sammy!" whispered a soft voice in his ear.

Sammy started up; the candle was out, but the light of the moon was just sufficient to clothe every object in the room in a sombre, mysterious gloom, giving merely the outline of the mass, and leaving to the imagination to fill up the rest.

There was enough, however, to discover to his astonished gaze a dark, little figure, leaning back quite at ease in his late grandmother's high-backed elbow-chair—one arm stretched at length on an arm of the chair, the other hand holding one of his legs, which was crossed over his knee; in fact, he seemed perfectly at home.

"Sammy!" said the same soft voice. "Sammy, did you speak?"

Poor Sam was now standing with his neck stretched out, his eyes strained to bursting, to pierce the tantalizing twilight, and make out the intruder's features; a cold sweat gathered in large drops on his brow, his mouth was wide open, and the few straggling hairs that remained to him began to bristle.

"Sammy, I say!" continued the little man, impatiently stamping his foot on the ground, at which the poor fisherman retreated two steps backward. "Sammy Pottle, here I am!"

"And who—o are yo—ou? To who—om am I indebt—ed for the pl—pleasure of this vi—visit!" stammered Sam, as soon as he found his voice.

"Ho! ho! now that's a good joke!" cried the little man, bursting into a most violent fit of laughter, in which there was something so irresistibly droll, that Sam, notwithstanding his fright, could not help joining heartily.

"Why, Pothy, my boy, I've been with you all day!"

Sam's countenance again fell, for he was confident he had been fishing alone all day, and moreover, that, on coming home late, he had fastened the door.

"Why, now, I suppose you'll say next you don't know me," continued the stranger throwing himself back in the chair, and laughing till he was nearly in convulsions.

Now Sammy, though he felt inwardly sure, and morally certain, he never had had the honor of seeing his friend before, yet he could not resist the inclination to laugh; so he laughed, and the little man laughed, till Sam's sides began to ache.

"At last the stranger ceased laughing, and beckoning to Sam to approach nearer to him he placed his finger significantly on his nose, and said in a sort of whisper, "Pothy, my man, I know of such a fish! I vote we go and take him; I've got some beautiful worms—real churchyarders."

"Re—al churchyarders!" echoed Sam, hesitating between each syllable; and again they both burst into a fit of laughter, till they nearly rolled on the floor.

"It's not so very dark," continued the little man.

"Come, let's be moving. Get your hat, and I'll show you the hole where he lies." So out they sallied.

Sam followed his guide for some distance along the banks of the river, passing the places where he had been fishing in the day, when suddenly his new friend cried out.

"If I'd been in your place, I'd not have been such a fool as to break my rod here, and lose my fish, too."

"You'll excuse me, sir," answered Sam, not a little nettled at such an impeachment of his skill.

But here, all at once, the country appeared to undergo a complete metamorphosis; in lieu of green meadows, they were threading their way among rocks, following a little circuitous path, so rough that Sam had great difficulty in keeping up with the little dark figure, who skipped on lightly before him.

The character of the river, too, appeared completely changed; instead of a clear, smooth, and rather sluggish stream, it was now a foaming mountain-torrent, dashing over its rocky bed, and sprinkling them from time to time with its spray.

At length his guide stopped in a dark glen, where the river, after angrily forcing its way between two huge rocks, which allowed a very narrow channel, and subsided into a deep, black pool.

"Here we are, Pothy, my lad; isn't it a rare place? Put your rod together, and put on a good, strong, gimp bottom, for you'll have sharpish work. Here are the worms," said the little fellow, holding out a human skull formed into a worm-box.

Sam's heart would have failed him, but he had seen a large fish break the water and roll over; every other idea was merged into that all-engrossing one of being master of such a treasure.

He baited, cast his line, and, in a moment tug—tug went the line.

"Give him line! give him line! let him go! Now lower the point of your rod! By Beelzebub, he's a thumper!" sung out the little man.

"Now, then, Pothy, I'll land him!" Saying which, he stooped down with a landing-net, but instead of proceeding to put it into the water, he seized Sammy by the leg, and with a jerk pitched him headlong into the river.

"Ha! ha! ha!" and the little man rolled and tumbled, in an ecstasy of laughter on on the bank.

Sammy heard the shouts of merriment echoed and re-echoed by the rocks; however, he still kept hold of his rod, supporting himself on the surface by treading water.

The fish still pulled. Sam was getting exhausted.

"Ha! ha! ha!" peals of laughter struck upon his ear.

The scene changes—is he himself? If so, he is up to his chin in his own water-butt! and it is Will Holmes, his neighbor, who is pulling him out by a rope made fast under his arms, and whose efforts he is resisting at the top of his strength!

Poor Will can scarcely stand for laughing.

The neighbors say Sammy Pottle had an ugly trick of walking in his sleep; but nothing could ever persuade him that his night adventure was not real, "because," said he, "we well know the old gentleman does sometimes condescend to favor mankind with a visit."

"But then the fact of the water-butt?"

"Poh! what's easier to his infernal majesty than to change a river into a water-butt?"

A TURK AS A BACHELOR.—If he be a bachelor, Church and State combine to make life miserable for him. He must live with his parents, and, while they still exist, the authorities content themselves with a general reprehension of his celibacy. But when they die, if they leave him homeless, his troubles begin. It is forbidden any householder to take a young man into his dwelling without permission of the civil and religious magistrate of the quarter. Before this is granted the lodger must undergo a severe inquiry, which takes into account not his personal reputation only, but that of all his kindred. The landlord, moreover, must display his ability to have this young stranger waited on without offense to morals—that is, without employing his female servants or the female members of his family. If the bachelor be rich enough to occupy a house, or to rent "unfurnished chambers," he cannot possibly obtain that simple privilege unless he show that a woman of good repute lives with him therein. Those who can produce a blameless mother or a sister have no difficulty, when the identification has been thoroughly established; even an elderly aunt is admissible. But if a young man have no kindred he may go homeless for an indefinite time.

The abolition of the slave trade is a grievance he warmly feels. In days ere this edict was passed, one could go into the market and buy a female creature, white or black, ugly or beautiful, according to one's means, and thus fulfil the law. Times have changed. It may probably be the fact that slaves are still to be purchased by those have cash enough. But the cost is very high; the merchant would not deal with a young bachelor likely to be thus circumstanced; and the transaction would surely be discovered.

PRISONS IN FRANCE.—Prison life in France is a very different thing from what it is in America. In the case of condemned criminals in France, the criminal is allowed to do many things denied the unhappy felon here. The most notable of these is the permission given him to play cards as much as he likes.

Another detail affords a curious example of the policy pursued by the French Government towards these unfortunates. The warders are commissioned to use their utmost endeavors to amuse the prisoner, and to engage him in conversation by all means available. Let it not, however, be supposed that this treatment is intended purely and simply to cheer and divert the condemned man. The warders, besides thus making themselves agreeable, are expected to give every day a most minute report of the doings of their charge, recording not only the state of his health and spirits, but also all his actions, however trivial, and especially all his words. In this way not only may the means be found of justifying his condemnation, but also curious statistics may be secured as to the mental, moral, and physical condition of a dangerous malefactor.

IT SEEMS curious that college students will fight among themselves, but probably there are occasions when the professors look themselves in and can't be got at.

Bric-a-Brac.

DIFFERENT ANIMALS.—The animals of the opposite sides of the Pacific Ocean are entirely unlike, no species being common to both sides.

OLD HEALTH LAWS.—Sanitary legislation in England dates from a very early period. Edward II. decreed that a butcher who sold measled pork should be fined for the first offence, pilloried for the second, imprisoned and fined for the third, and expelled from the town for the fourth. Richard II. took measures against the pollution of rivers.

THE FOX-MYTH.—Fox-myths as the basis of most of their fables are far from being extict in Japan. The animal is credited with many marvellous and supernatural attributes; among which is the ability at the age of fifty to take the form of a woman, and at a hundred, that of a young and beautiful girl. He can also become a wizard if he likes, and at the age of a thousand years is admitted into Paradise, where he becomes a celestial being.

THE CHINESE CHURCH.—There are one thousand five hundred temples in China, consecrated to Confucius. The annual sacrifices at these curious churches are five-thousand eight hundred sheep, five thousand large goats, twenty-seven thousand rabbits, and twenty-seven thousand pigs. The luxury of Chinese worship may be imagined by the fact that more than twenty-seven thousand pieces of the richest silks are annually used in the temples of Confucius.

UTILIZING COBWEBS.—Cobwebs have been applied to various uses. The delicate cross hairs in the telescopes of surveying instruments are fine webs taken from spiders of species that are specially selected for their production of an excellent quality of this material. The spider, when caught, is made to spin his thread by tossing him from hand to hand, in case he is indisposed to furnish the article. The end is attached to a piece of wire, which is doubled into two parallel lengths, the distance apart exceeding a little the diameter of the instrument. As the spider hangs and descends from this, the web is wound upon it by turning the wire around. The ends are then gummed to the wire and kept for use as required.

THE SHAMROCK.—It would seem from an account given by Brand, in his "Popular Antiquities," that this plant, used as the national cognizance of Ireland, is trefoil, and of the species used in husbandry commonly called clover. It is said that when St. Patrick landed near Wicklow, in the year 433, the pagan inhabitants were ready to stone him, he requested to be heard, and endeavored to explain God to them as the Trinity in Unity, but they could not understand him, until plucking a trefoil from the ground, he said, "Is it not as possible for the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, as for these leaves, to grow upon a single stock?" It is said this illustration produced immediate conviction on his hearers.

BURIALS IN SIAM.—When the poorer classes of Siam die from accidental or natural methods the body is interred in the graveyard of some temple. The surviving relatives then, in accordance with their means, make the necessary preparations for the cremation of their departed one; and when their preparations are complete they exhume what may be left of their deceased friend, which generally consists of bare bones. When death occurs naturally, the poorer classes have the remains of their departed friends cremated as speedily as possible at some native temple. The ceremonies, display, number of priests in attendance, and the amount expended in presents to priests and others are regulated according to the means the deceased may have left. When the funds will admit, fireworks are exhibited every evening till the cremation is over.

PRINTING.—It is uncertain who was the inventor of printing. Laurentius, the son of John Kuster, or Costor, of Harlem, commenced printing from solid blocks of wood, on which the characters were cut, about the year 1430. In 1443 metal types, instead of wooden ones, were invented and in 1548 a mode of casting types in matrices was discovered by Faust. In 1468 a printing press was privately set up at Oxford, but the first book known to have been printed there is only dated 1468. A press was afterwards established by Caxton, at St. Alban's; and another adjoining Westminster Abbey, in 1471. A book on the game of chess, printed in 1474, may be regarded as the first production of the English press in that country though the first book published in the English tongue was the "Recuyell of the History of Troy," printed at Cologne, September 19th, 1471.

HEBREW ELLIPSES.—Most scholars are aware that to the omission of some word or inflection may be traced the greater part of the anomalies and obscurities in the Hebrew Scriptures; but ordinary readers can scarcely form any notion of their extent. Take, as an example, the following text: "Eat-ye man vine-his, and-man fig-tree-his;" here the words, "fruit of" are omitted, and, as would certainly be the case in idographs, the noun "man" is used for the distributive pronoun "each." As another example of these omissions, take Job xxxv. 8; this verse in the original, contains only six words, which, by two connections used in Hebrew, are reduced to four; it is thus literally translated, "To-man—as-thou wickedness-thine and-to-son—man righteousness-thine." Our authorized version thus fills up the hiatus "Thy wickedness may hurt a man as thou art, and thy righteousnes may profit the son of man."

GOOD NIGHT.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

How lightly said, how careless spoken,
When friends depart with joy unbroken,
And hand meets hand with this last token:
Good night! good night!

How slowly said, with soft delaying,
When love for yet more love is praying,
And heart meets heart, while lips are saying:
Good night! good night!

But tenderly, with what new meaning,
From agony and anguish gleaming,
We whisper, o'er a sick-bed leaning:
Good night! good night!

And to the weary spirit, winging
Its flight beyond all earthly clinging,
Is Death, perchance, an angel, bringing
Good night! good night!

MOTHER AND SON.

BY KATE L. GALLAGHER.

CHAPTER III.

LAURA was still kneeling at the window when Nancy came in to assist her to dress.

The latter eyed her sharply, but the girl's calm pale face baffled the simple old nurse's scrutiny.

"Come now, come," bustling about noisily with assumed unconcern, as if starting to America was an every day occurrence, "let me 'elp you dress an' be done with it; you 'aven't much time to fool, looking out of th' wind'r neither."

"Poor Nancy," said Laura, hastening to follow the nurse's advice. "I wonder what you would do if you had'n't me to worry about?"

"Folks never wants for somethin' to worry 'bout in this world, leastways I never did, an' I'm a pretty hold woman, fifty next comin' Michaelmas; there now," stepping back to view her work. "I thinks you'll do; 'ow that dress fits to be sure."

"Yes," taking a survey of herself in the long mirror, "Miss Sharp has outdone herself this time, because she'll never make me another, I suppose. Nancy, I think I would die if you were not going with us."

"'Umph—people 're tougher 'n they think," said Nancy hurriedly, putting the wrappers and slippers in a trunk and letting down the lid with a bang. "There, I b'lieve overthings him."

"Suppose you should get sea-sick, Nancy? Don't you remember how dreadfully you felt crossing the channel last year, and how the captain laughed at you?"

"The most hunmannered man I never met," grumbled Nancy, "an' wantin' me hall the time to drink nasty, dirty sea-water. Bah! hit makes me sick to think o' it," shuddering at the recollection.

"Are the trunks ready?" inquired Hayward, at this moment appearing in the doorway. "Wilson is at the gate with the wagon waiting for them."

He too was pale, even haggard, and two or three deep lines were visible on his face that were not so a week before.

Like Nancy, he glanced sharply to divine if possible her feelings.

She met his smile frankly, and a brave little smile flickered over her pale face for an instant, that died away in a sigh as her father turned away.

"Breakfast is ready, I believe," he said, as he left the room. "You had better come down now, Laura."

He said this for all the world like a person urging the mourners at a funeral to hurry up and take leave of the corpse.

He was opposed to scenes, and he knew just how hard it would be for his daughter to take a last look around the bright cosy room that had been hers since childhood.

"Come, the men will be up directly for the trunks, and we've not much time to spare."

"Yes, go down now," urged Nancy, "never mind the wraps, I'll bring them belong. Go, go," pushing the girl gently towards the door, "you don't want to be in the man's way, do you?"

With a sharp little cry, the girl turned quickly around, taking in all the details of the room with one long, sweeping hungry glance.

Would she ever, ever forget how it looked, she thought, reaching out her hands helplessly toward the old nurse.

"Oh, Nancy, Nancy! my heart is breaking."

"Miss Laura, dear Miss Laura, bear hup, you must bear hup," cried Nancy, swallowing a lump in her tough old throat, "the man's comin' for the trunks."

Breakfast was somewhat of a farce; each pretending to eat for the sake of the other, an innocent deception that fooled neither.

At the conclusion of the meal, while her father delivered the keys to Wilson, Laura left the house, and walking quickly through the wicket, hurried into the stable.

"Ah, Brownie, old fellow, did you think I had forgotten you?" she cried, putting her arms around the glossy neck of her horse, that whinnied at her approach. "Here is your last lump of sugar from me, Brownie."

She stood for some time rubbing his nose while he munched the sugar.

It was a great trial for her to give up her horse; he almost seemed part of herself but it was impossible to take him, and Myra, who persuaded herself that she required a larger animal, kindly offered to become a purchaser.

To this Laura objected, but left him with Myra, with the proviso that she could have him if she desired, and it were possible.

Brownie enjoyed the sugar.

He rubbed his nose affectionately against her shoulder when she bade him good-bye, and when she turned and left him a low whinney followed her, that she remembered many days.

When she reached the house everything was in confusion.

The servants weeping, and Nancy, with her arms full of wraps, flying wildly from place to place in search of her mistress.

The carriage was at the door to take them to the station some two or three miles distant, and Hayward, with firmly compressed lips, was pacing nervously up and down the walk.

"Come, my girl," he cried, when he saw her, "we've been waiting for you this five minutes. Nancy, why don't you help her on with her wraps?"

The girl's hands were trembling so that Nancy came to her relief.

With a hasty glance around the room, she pulled down her veil and walked unsteadily down the path to the gate.

"Courage, courage," her father whispered, as he helped her into the carriage.

Her dog sprang in after her, Nancy was placed by her side; her father jumped up beside the driver, the driver cracked his whip, the servants waved their handkerchiefs, that is those who were fortunate enough to possess such articles, the others substituted their aprons or anything else available.

In the midst of these evidences of esteem, the carriage drove off.

Under more favorable circumstances, the drive in the cool September morning would have been a rare treat.

The sun had not been up long enough to dry the dew that glistened on the green hedges and brown fields, and the solemn quiet of early morn was yet undisturbed, save by the occasional tinkling of a cow bell, or the light song of a milkmaid on her way to the barnyard.

Now and then a laborer tramped by, and lifted his hat respectfully to Hayward, or stopped to wish him good luck in his new home.

Laura sat quiet and preoccupied, and when Nancy good-naturedly tried to interest her, she shook her head and turned away.

She was thinking of Lionel, and wondering what he would do when he came home and found her gone.

Would his grief be sharp for a time, and then gradually go less acute till he learned to think of her with gentle regret, and then perhaps with a smile at his youthful folly, like one sometimes remembers a toy or object, the deprivation of which threatened to destroy one's happiness, but which when attained, was soon discarded, perhaps with contempt, for something more ambitious; or, would he remember his oath?

In the confusion of the last few days she had almost forgotten it, and now the knowledge came so suddenly that her pulses quickened.

Would he regard it as binding?

"Oh, if I could leave him one little word," she thought desperately, but no means suggested by her busy brain seemed at all feasible, and with a sigh she resigned herself to her fate.

The waiting-room was such a stuffy little place, and there being no other passengers, Laura and the dog went out and walked up and down the long platform.

She had taken two or three turns, when glancing along the road by which she had come, she saw in the distance a carriage being driven by at a frightful speed, even on such excellent roads as the county at that time boasted.

As the distance lessened, a familiar look about the turnout caused her to watch it with increasing interest.

"I do believe that's young Mrs. Wentworth," her father observed, coming to her side, and shading his eyes with one hand so as to see better, "and driving like John. 'Gad, how little a woman cares for horseflesh when she's in a hurry."

In another moment the carriage dashed up by the platform, and the smoking horses drew up just below where Laura and her father stood, and throwing the reins to the terrified coachman, Myra—for it was she—sprang to the ground, and running up the steps, clasped Laura in her arms.

"So you thought to get away without my seeing you again," she cried breathlessly. "Now, James," casting a withering look at that functionary, "cover up the horses and walk them around till they have cooled down."

"Hadn't you better come into the waiting-room, Myra?" suggested Laura, taking her friend's arm. "You must be tired after such violent exercise."

"Not at all, only out of breath. I've been in there before, and know all about it, so if you're willing we will stay here. Are you glad to see me? Why don't you say so?"

"Glad! do I not look glad? I had just about resigned myself to not seeing you again, when your sudden appearance startled me. Poor father, he was in a dreadful way about the horses."

"Was he? I reckon he thought vastly more about them than he did of my neck. However, the good die young, so I'm safe enough, and I was bound to get here in time."

"And glad I am you are here and safe," answered Laura.

"I would have been here sooner but for that stupid coachman; but he'll be ready next time I want him. You never saw any one so scared in all your life. If I hadn't been so anxious to get here I would have enjoyed it immensely."

"Well, you're here, so never mind him. It must have been a tax on you to get up so early; you see I know how lazy you are."

"Now that's the most unkindest cut of all;' but I forgive you. I told Susette last night if she did not waken me by six o'clock I would give her a month's warning; that insured me an early start, but imagine my chagrin when I came downstairs to find the carriage not ready. James said he thought—just as if he had any business to think—I ordered it for seven o'clock. I made up for lost time though, but poor James, he'll not recover from such a shaking up for a month. Did Mrs. Wentworth deliver my message yesterday?"

"Yes, and the package. How can I ever thank you for so much kindness?" said Laura gratefully.

"By forgetting all about it," Myra answered quickly. "I have done no more than my duty."

"People's ideas of duty vary then," said Laura, smiling, "at least I have always observed that duty and their own interests were one. You are an exception."

"Oh, as Iago says, 'I am not what I am,'" said Myra, "or rather I have such a kind husband as to have no need to think of myself, but when you get to the States you'll find all your observations verified. There the golden rule is: 'look out for number one,'—that's yourself—or as old grandpa—he's dead now, dear, old man—used to say: 'Everybody for himself, and the old boy take the hindmost.'"

Laura smiled in spite of herself, and at that moment a low rumbling noise like distant thunder arrested the attention of both. The fog had now lifted from the river, and far in the distance, their eyes following the curve of the stream, a long thin line of smoke was clearly visible.

"It is the train," exclaimed Laura in an intense whisper, and unconsciously her fingers tightened their grasp on her friend's arm.

"Bother," said Myra impatiently, "and I have so much to say to you, and so little time to say it in. Has your father decided on any plans yet, Laura?"

"No," shaking her head.

"So I supposed. Do you know, Laura, Edward has about consented to take me home next year for a long visit?"

"Oh, Myra!" brightening a little, but quickly relapsing into silence.

"And I shall, I must see you," said Myra decidedly. "By that time I will consider Mrs. Wentworth's restrictions outlawed."

"It is such a vast country," said Laura disconsolately, "I'm afraid it will be impossible for us to meet—a difficult undertaking."

"Nonsense. You've lived on this little island so long, that your ideas are contracted. I've just hit on a plan by which we may meet. Are you listening?"

"Yes, yes, go on; the train is almost here, and father is beckoning."

"Wherever you are," said Myra, and walking towards Hayward, "I want you to subscribe for the New York *Herald*. You've seen the paper at the 'Hall.'"

"That large one your uncle sends you?"

"Yes, and when I arrive, I will insert a personal; no one will understand it but ourselves. Your father is waiting. You will not forget?"

"No, no," trying to control herself, "I will do as you say. Now, kiss me quickly, I must go."

Much has been said and written about good-bye, but how few farewells are ever satisfactory.

How lame and common place, now cold and expressionless they seem to one afterwards.

Our hearts are full, but in the pain of parting words fail, and with a hasty caress, a deathlike grip of the hand our friends go from us perhaps never to return.

So these friends clasped each other, their lips clung together, a second "good-bye, good-bye," Myra cried, between laughing and crying hysterically, "and don't think I advised this step."

She almost pushed her friend into the car, and then ran to the window as Laura appeared.

They clasped hands again, and each looked at the other questioningly, a message was trembling on Laura's lips.

"Myra," she cried, in a sort of desperation, and leaning so close that her lips almost touched her friend's ear, "Myra, how can I go without leaving a message for—for——"

"Yes, yes, I understand," nodded Myra quickly, "go on."

"Tell him," her voice getting lower, and a vivid blush spreading over her face, "tell him to remember his oath."

As she said this the train moved off.

Owing to a slight accident, it was late in the afternoon when they arrived in London.

Here they expected to remain till next day, for Hayward, in his determination to get out of Mrs. Wentworth's way as quickly as possible, had not taken time to go to the city.

His modest fortune of a few thousand pounds, the accumulations of several generations, was invested in British securities, which he intended converting into American bills of exchange.

After dinner, and while her father sat sipping his tea and reading a paper, Laura wandered restlessly about the dismal room, bringing up at last by a window facing the street.

She parted the curtain slightly, and peeped out on the busy scene below.

The cabs and people, the shrill cry of the newsboys, and occasionally a bewildered pedestrian, following a boy with a flambeau, and over all a dense fog through which the street lamps tried to shine, but made a dismal failure. "Not very exhilarating," she thought, dropping the curtain, and wondering what she should do next to pass away the time.

A much abused and inverted clock on the mantel—the landlady declared that it wouldn't go without being turned upside down—pointed to half-past seven, as Laura retreated to the fire and sank listlessly into a chair, crossed her hands into her lap, and turned the slender gold band round and round on her finger.

Her father looked up from his paper and noted the weary look on the pretty face, the despondent attitude of the trim figure in its dark blue, tightly-fitting dress, and made a sudden resolve.

"How would you like to go to the theatre this evening?" he said kindly, laying down his paper.

Her face brightened a little.

"Oh, papa! do you really mean it?" going behind him and laying both her arms around his neck. "How good of you, but I'm afraid you are too tired after such a tedious ride."

"Nonsense, child. Do you think I'm such an old man as to be used up by a few hours' travel? Forty—many a man has just begun to live at that age—well, will you go?"

"Yes, if it's not too late," glancing at the clock.

"Ring for Nancy. You'll have to change your dress, of course," casting his eye over the tailor-like made costume.

He really was fatigued with the day's excitement, but felt amply repaid for his sacrifice an hour later in watching his daughter's animated countenance.

Youth is prone to forget, and the deepest sorrow can be pushed to one side for an hour or two in the days are age and repeated failure have bereft the heart of its buoyancy.

So Laura, surrounded by all the gorgeousness of a London theatre, forgot for awhile that she was an exile, and turned her face, sparkling with excitement, to make some comments to her father.

Then, too, she could count on one hand the whole number of times she had ever witnessed a play; she appreciated all the beauties, and was oblivious to all the faults.

A young and beautiful girl is always an object of attraction.

Numerous glasses were leveled in her direction, all of which were unnoticed by her.

A large party of ladies and gentlemen occupied a prominent box, and during the last act, one of them, sitting somewhat apart from the rest, took up her glasses and gave a sweeping glance over the crowded house.

When her gaze had traveled as far as our heroine, the glasses became stationary, then she put them down and glanced over her shoulder at the group behind her.

"Mr. Wentworth," she said languidly—for she was quite too well bred to betray any animation—such bad form, too—and beckoning to a young man in the back part of the box, "do come here, please; there is really a remarkably pretty girl over there, well-dressed, too—strange"—raising her glasses the second time.

"Which, the pretty girl or the pretty dress?" said Lionel, coming forward in obedience to her command, and occupying a chair by her side.

"Don't be pert, Mr. Wentworth, it doesn't become you. You are too young and it's not respectful," tapping him lightly with her fan. "By-the-bye, tell me what brought you to London? I was quite surprised to meet you in Hyde Park this afternoon. I supposed you working like a Trojan at——"

"Rowing?"

"You are quite an adept by this time, I suppose?"

"Well, yes, the fellows seem to think me a pretty good stroke; but you are forgetting all about the pretty girl. Now show me where to look," he said, focusing the glasses, and preparing to follow her directions.

"No, no, not there, raise them a little; now a little more to the left; there. Do agree with me or I shall never forgive myself for interesting you so much."

While Lionel continued to gaze in the direction indicated, another young man left group of ladies and leaned over Mrs. Stanleigh's chair.

"Oh, Mrs. Stanleigh"—in a rather drawling tone—"pray, lend me your opewah glasses, mine are in use, and let me have a peep at your divinity. You know—ah—my weakness for beauty. As the poet remarks: 'a thing of beauty is a joy forevah.' Th-anks. You are very kind."

Mrs. Stanleigh smiled broadly, showing as she did so two rows of handsome teeth. If she hadn't been able, to do that she would likely have resorted to the same artifice as a professed London beauty, and maintained an expression of unutterable calm and infinite yearning.

As she handed Stacey the glasses, she glanced at Lionel and her languor disappeared as by magic.

"Great heavens! Mr. Wentworth, what have I done?" she cried, touching his arm with her fan, but Lionel with a muttered excuse and a face pale as ashes dashed out of the box; then she turned to Stacey, whose susceptible soul seemed fast oozing out through the glasses, "what can ail the man?" she continued. "Do you think it was any one he saw that disturbed him so?"

"Eh?" said Stacey, putting down the glasses and gazing at her in a manner slightly idiotic, "Oh, I beg your pardon. Did—ah—did you speak to me?"

Mrs. Stanleigh eyed him frigidly, and then with the slightest perceptible shrug of her pretty shoulders turned her attention to the stage.

Then Stacey knew he was snubbed.

"Oh, now don't—ah—be hard on a fellah," he entreated coaxingly. "I vow I haven't had such a turn for a fortnight. I cannot imagine what brings her here."

"Her, what her? the one I pointed out to

Mr. Wentworth? Then you have seen her before?" said Mrs. Stanleigh relenting, and casting her breeding to the winds.

"Yes, once," answered her companion, occupying the chair Lionel had so hastily vacated, and forgetting his drawl and affectation at the same time, "down in Kent county at Edward Wentworth's. She is the daughter of his steward."

Mrs. Stanleigh arched her brows incredulously. "Inexplicable! Why, she looks like a duchess. Do you know you quite whet my curiosity," she added, moving nearer, and lowering her voice to a whisper. "At Mrs. Leamington's kettledrum, yesterday, I heard it hinted that Lionel was on the point of making a mesalliance with some quite common person."

"Well, that's the common person referred to," exclaimed Stacey, with a decided inclination of his head in Laura's direction, "and, by Jove, I must say that I admire his taste. Oh, if you did but see her on horseback!"

"'Be thou but fair, mankind adore thee,'" quoted Mrs. Stanleigh. "I wonder what she is doing in London? Can it be possible that she has come up to meet him? No; if she had, he wouldn't have been surprised."

"She's not that kind of a girl," exclaimed Stacey, with more asperity than the occasion warranted. "I know she refused to marry him without his mother's consent, and mighty vexed he was a'bout it too, besides, that's her father with her—he's a cad—but he won't stand any nonsense," explained Stacey, with a slight blush, remembering how his incipient gallantry had been squelched by Hayward's angry glances.

The foregoing did not take place without Hayward becoming aware that Laura was attracting unusual attention.

He surmised rightly that Mrs. Stanleigh's interest at first was the result of accident, and engaged his daughter's attention to prevent her being annoyed.

He started and changed color when Lionel came forward and leveled his glances in their direction.

"What is he doing in London? Can some one have told him of our intended departure?" but he rejected the idea as absurd.

He noticed Lionel's look of surprise, and his hasty exit from the box.

The play was almost done, and taking advantage of Laura's absorbing interest, he gave himself up to devising means of getting back to the hotel without being confronted with her lover.

There was a rush when the curtain fell, and in the crowd he made his way out without being discovered, though Lionel at one time was so close that by reaching out his arm he could have touched Laura's dress.

At the door, however, he was not so fortunate.

A steady drizzle of rain had set in and made it difficult to get out.

He succeeded at last, after considerable pushing, and found himself on the sidewalk.

He glanced back, and there in the doorway, but separated by a mass of people and umbrellas, stood Lionel, his handsome face flushed with excitement, and his eyes sparkling.

He waved his hand for Hayward to wait, but his efforts were unavailing, for Hayward rewarded them with a stony stare and negative shake of his head.

Lionel was desperate; elbowing his way, he came nearer and nearer, till he reached the edge of the throng, just in time to see Hayward signal a cab, put in his daughter, and spring in after her.

The door shut with a bang, and the cab drove off.

With a fierce exclamation of chagrin, Lionel started to follow and see where it stopped, or at least get the cabman's number, but after rushing madly along for a block in the dark and confusion, he lost sight of it, and was left standing disconsolately on a corner, the water from his soaked hat streaming over his shoulders, and his wet garments flapping in the wind; in his hurry he had not raised his umbrella.

"Confound the man!" he exclaimed, putting up his umbrella and starting off for his rooms, and taking a raving delight in being wet and miserable. "He runs from me like I had the plague, or intended to devour the girl. Fool, fool that I was to make those rash promises."

As soon as he reached his room and changed his wet clothes, he sat down and wrote to his mother.

"Dear mother," he wrote, "I had such a strange adventure this evening. But to begin at the beginning. Stanley, my old chum, was married this morning, and Stacey and I came to the city to be present at the ceremony, I as best man. In the afternoon, I met your dear friend, Mrs. Stanleigh, who kindly invited me to her box at the theatre in the evening. I dined at the club, and was late getting to the theatre. Now whom do you suppose I saw there? Laura and her father. I tried to get to them, but there was such a throng I did not succeed. I hope you will not think that was breaking my agreement with you. I wish to heaven I had never made it, for an [illegible] foreboding fills my soul. Her face [illegible] and changed, and a look in [illegible] I never saw there before. I, [illegible]ure. What is she doing in [illegible]on my love, my hap[illegible]uickly, and re[illegible]nsumes my[illegible]'or[illegible]."

[illegible]ford.

[illegible]on, he took [illegible]s off his su[illegible]ice.

[illegible]r his door, he [illegible]

quite buoyantly—for him—"where have you been hiding yourself?"

"I've just returned from a long pull on the river. Trying my new boat; ah, she's a beauty. It was glorious, I tell you."

"Do you—ah—weally think so? So confoundedly stupid, you know, to be by one's self, you know."

"Well, now, that you mention it, that is an objection, in your case," laughed Lionel, "but I'm such a conceited jackanapes as to enjoy my own society now and then. By the way, when did you leave London? Yesterday?"

"Ya-as."

"Come upstairs and have a smoke. I've some new cigars that are worth trying. Had them sent from the city."

"N-no, thanks, I couldn't think of mounting those horrid stairs again."

"Oh, you have been up, then? I'm sorry I wasn't at home to receive you."

"No mattah, my de-ah boy, I was passing your rooms—ah—and stopped to leave a lettah."

"A letter for me? many thanks, and you must excuse my not stopping any longer. I've been expecting it for two days. Good-bye."

"Adieu—you'll find the lettah among the rubbish on the table."

Leaving Stacey, Lionel ran hastily up the stairs, two steps at a time, and burst into his rooms.

Going to the table, he picked up the letter and turned it towards the light, for the daylight was fast fading.

"Thank heaven my suspense will soon be over," he said piously, as he recognized the fine angular chirography of his mother.

Mrs. Wentworth was a voluminous writer, but on this occasion we forbear inflicting upon the reader only that portion relating to the subject in hand:

"My Dear Son,—From the tenor of your letter it is evident that something is wrong with your nerves." (Mrs. Wentworth was great on nerves.) "Too much dissipation in the way of pleasure, perhaps, and I would advise you to give more thought to your studies and less to Laura. Neither, my dear boy, must you expect me to inform you every time Hayward and his daughter make a trip to London. It is not the first time they have been there, as you well know, and I see no reason why that fact should give you the least uneasiness. No doubt Hayward considers himself competent to take charge of his daughter without your interference. Now I beg of you to disabuse your mind of all anxiety, and —— remember your promise.

"Marion Wentworth."

Lionel drew a long breath of relief as he finished the letter, and being thoroughly tired out, he threw himself on a couch.

A few minutes later Laura entered; she was dressed as he remembered her when they parted, all in white, and not so thick but that the rosy tints of her flesh shone through, and the long wide sleeves sweeping back left exposed her warm, white, bare arms.

She came forward quickly, a startled look on her face, as if some one might be in pursuit, and threw herself on her knees at his side.

He felt her cool balmy breath on his face, and thrilled under it.

"Oh, Lionel, my love, my love!" she cried passionately, winding her arms about his neck, "they are taking me away from you; but, Lionel, you will not forget, swear you will not forget."

"Laura, I swear——" he cried excitedly, springing from the couch to embrace her.

He clasped instead the empty air.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Wanted.

BY WILSON BENNOR.

CHEER up, mother! and do drive dull care away from your pretty brow. You'll find I am a host within myself when you hear all my plans. Now listen."

And assuming a pretty little air of gravity, Jessie Clyde dropped down on an ottoman at her mother's feet, and told her in detail her plans.

"You see, mother, we can't do better. Money we are bound to have to meet bills that will soon be due, and every day we have need of a little of that 'filthy lucre,' which poor old preacher Brownley so heartily decries. For my part I think 'tis very handy to have about the house," she ended, smiling bravely up in her mother's face.

"But, Jessie, my child, I cannot hear of such a plan. My daughter a salaried housekeeper! Oh Jessie, you haven't thought of the humiliation. And then—your mother can say this to you without fear of rebuking your vanity—you are too young and pretty, my child, for such a place. Think of the remarks that will be made."

"Oh, I have thought, mother, and all that is easy enough. Don't you recollect during poor papa's life when I gave those private theatricals, that I bought a gray wig, green glasses, and all the other things to 'get up' an old woman, and you all said I personated that character splendidly?

"Well, I can and will do it again. I have everything I had then, and I'll keep well disguised all the time. Mr. Harcourt is a stranger here, and has never seen or heard of me, so there is positively no danger of being detected.

"His advertisement says he will give a 'liberal salary,' and that is really the only way of making any money, unless I were to go away off from you, and I don't think I could quite bear that, mother.

"There's no hope of a school, and besides I don't think myself called for that vocation. Let me have my way, mother. You know, I've a natural gift for house-keeping; and then, best of all, I shall be near you."

Mrs. Clyde sighed heavily.

It was all so different from the future she had ever looked forward to for her one pet lamb.

She had been too proud to ask for help in her straitened circumstances; so after the death of her husband, she sacrificed some of her costly jewels he had given her, and with the sum derived from these valuables, she, with her daughter, removed to the little village of B——, far away from her old home and her summer friends.

A cosy little cottage, embowered in creeping vines, and with a pretty flower-garden in front, had been found by them, and the rent being within the limits of her purse, she had engaged it for a year.

Eight months of that time had rolled by, and the poor widow and her daughter were at their wits' end to know what they could do, when Jessie read one morning in the *Village Herald*, in the lists of "Wants," this advertisement from a newcomer in their little village—

WANTED, A RESPECTABLE ELDERLY LADY, to take the position of housekeeper. A liberal salary will be paid. References required. Address, FLOYD HARCOURT, Berton.

And this was the situation Jessie meant to apply for.

Mrs. Clyde at last gave her consent, and Jessie coaxed a neatly worded note from her to Mr. Harcourt, testifying to her ability and respectability, and armed with this, and disguised skilfully as an elderly woman, Jessie boldly went to Mr. Harcourt's house in answer to the advertisement.

A servant showed her into the library—a handsome room, panelled in black walnut, and richly lined with books from the best authors, as Jessie afterwards discovered.

In this room sat the owner of the house—a pale thoughtful-looking man, looking about thirty years of age; handsome, she could see, even through the green glasses, but with an air of unutterable weariness.

He read Mrs. Clyde's letter, asked a few questions in an indifferent manner, and engaged her at a salary of $400 per annum, little dreaming what a thrill of joy he was sending through the demure little figure, as she mentally calculated how the amount should be expended for her mother's comfort and happiness.

No thought of self entered into her mind, only "Mother can now have this and that," as she gratefully bowed her way out, preceded by the servant who had admitted her, and to whom Mr. Harcourt gave orders to show the "new housekeeper, Mrs. Brown, to her room," and over the house.

Jessie took the keys from his hand with a little old-fashioned curtsey, which brought the faintest shadow of a smile to Mr. Harcourt's face, and he idly thought "She's a queer-looking customer, with her mob cap and green glasses, and her odd, quavering voice; but if she is faithful I don't care for the looks;" and thus thinking, he dismissed the housekeeper from his mind till dinner was announced.

He found the table neatly and daintily spread, with "Mrs. Brown" standing meekly waiting to help him.

"You may as well sit down, Mrs. Brown. Take the head of the table. My meals are very solitary, you see."

"Mrs. Brown" meekly obeyed, and filled her position with ease and tact, though she trembled a little at first.

Time passed on, and Mr. Harcourt came to consider this "queer little woman" invaluable.

The house was a model of neatness, his meals prepared with the regularity of clockwork, and the daintiest of dishes concocted to tempt his palate.

From the servants, Jessie had learned that Mr. Harcourt had lost his almost idolized wife and child, two years before, both dying within an hour of yellow fever.

Since then he had traveled until just before she had entered the household.

Six months quickly passed, and Jessie fulfilled her duties with a promptness and exactitude that won silent praise from her employer.

Often she slipped off home for an hour or two, but of late her mother noticed a sadness in her demeanor not at all equal with her bright, hopeful little girl; but in answer to her inquiries she would always declare that only her mother's fancy suggested any change, and would laugh at the idea of her being sad.

But, if the truth must be confessed, Mrs. Brown had "lost her heart," and, oh, horror!—Jessie shuddered at the thought—she had given her love unsought to her employer, who merely looked on her as a very useful but antiquated specimen of womankind.

Yet, poor little girl, it was excusable for how could a nineteen year old girl sit at the table three times a day with a handsome cultivated man, month after month and not care for him?

She began by pitying and ended by passionately loving him, though she would have been stretched upon the torture-wheel before she would have told even her faithful mother.

At the end of six months Mr. Harcourt said to her one day at dinner—

"Mrs. Brown, I've decided to visit some friends at a distance for a few weeks, and would be obliged if you would pack a few changes for me this afternoon. I shall leave by the six-thirty express, and during my absence I shall be content to leave all in your charge. I sometimes wonder," with a grave smile, "how I've ever managed to keep house without you. You suit me so perfectly."

Jessie trembled visibly, and murmured a low "Thank you, sir," as he rose and left the room.

In packing his clothes, some tears would fall in among them, for poor Jessie wondered how she could live without a daily sight of him.

"I shall probably be gone three weeks," he said at parting, and Jessie bowed only for answer.

After he was gone, our little heroine had a very genuine and hearty cry, and then went down into the library, just because Mr. Harcourt always sat there.

She tried to read, but a spirit of restlessness possessed her, and presently she arose, laid down the book, and with an emphatic "I will do it!" she left the room, and sought out Mary, the only servant who stayed in the house at night.

Finding her in the dining-room she said—

"Mary, as Mr. Harcourt is away, and I do not want you, you need not stay in the house, but can spend the evening with your friends. If you are in by ten o'clock, that will do."

"Thank you, Mrs. Brown! You are good. I've been wanting to go to see cousin Cherry, that lives up at Mr. Clark's, for a long time, and now I'll go. Thank you, ma'am."

"Now for a quiet evening, and once more I'll be Jessie Clyde. And—yes, I'll go in the parlor and see if music will relieve my sad heart."

And having laid aside all the paraphernalia belonging to the make-up of Mrs. Brown, Jessie donned a pretty garnet cashmere she had not worn for months, and went down into the drawing-room.

Spite of the sadness resting like a shadow on her face, Jessie was beautiful; but no thrill of vanity quickened her pulse, as she saw her reflection in the long cheval mirror as she passed on to the harp.

Seating herself, she swept her fingers over the chords.

A low, soft prelude thrilled under her fingers, and presently, without meaning to be sentimental, Jessie commenced singing, in a most pathetic manner—

"I never have been false to thee;
The heart I gave thee still is mine."

Just as she concluded the first two lines, a footstep sounded in the hall, and presently stopped at the door of the drawing-room, which stood ajar, so that Jessie was plainly visible to the intruder.

A look of intense amazement came on his face, but he made no effort to cross the threshold till the song was completed, and Jessie, with a little dry sob, leaned against the instrument.

Then he entered and advanced to her.

One quick frightened look, and the girl sprang to her feet exclaiming—

"Oh, Mr. Harcourt, pardon me! But I thought you were away, and it would make no difference."

This with a pretty pleading gesture and clasped hands.

"I beg your pardon, miss, you have the advantage of me. I cannot recollect you at all," he said, standing before her with a grave puzzled face.

Up went poor Jessie's hands to hide her burning face.

"I—I—— Oh, will you ever forgive me?"

Then, knowing how ludicrously she was situated, she laughed hysterically and said—

"You see, sir, I am your housekeeper, Mrs. Brown——"

"You Mrs. Brown! What do you mean?" he asked, his face showing his utter astonishment.

The laugh died out of Jessie's face and eyes, and the pretty sensitive lips quivered, as she answered—

"I have been disguised all this time, Mr. Harcourt. You see, mother and I are very poor, and there were none upon whom we had the slightest claim. I did not want to go far away from mother, and this was the only place I could get. I felt obliged to do something, so I disguised myself, and, with a recommendation from mother, I came here. You kindly gave me the place, and but for the mad wish to be myself once again I might have kept it, for you said today, sir, that I suited you. But now, I suppose, it is all over, and, I'll go back home and tell mother what a weak foolish girl I have been," she ended drearily.

"You real name then is——"

"Jessie Clyde," she interrupted.

"Miss Jessie, I honor you for the noble sacrifice of your youth and youthful pleasures; and you needn't give up your situation unless you wish to."

"Oh, but I must," she exclaimed quickly. "It won't do now, you see. I am too young, and I can never wear that hateful disguise again."

"You needn't, Miss Jessie. I know you will think me too hasty, but although I can date the commencement of my love for you by minutes I think it none the less sincere. I am very lonely, and indeed I will try hard to win your love and be worthy of it if you will let me. Will you, be my wife, Jessie?"

"It is pity you offer me, Mr. Harcourt, not love," she sobbed.

"It is love, honor, respect, I offer you, Jessie. You have known me for months, Jessie—have seen me in my every day life. Do you think it would be impossible to learn to love me a little?"

"I—I'm afraid I do that now," she stammered, hardly conscious of the admission she was making in her excitement.

"Then, my darling, I will teach you in time to love me a great deal," he said, drawing her to his bosom and kissing her tenderly.

"But how came you here?" she presently asked.

"Unexpected business detained me in the village until the express had passed. I then supped with a friend, and came on home to spend the night, letting myself in with my key.

"I thought the fairies had taken possession during my absence when I heard the music."

Jessie smiled sweetly at this compliment, and then timidly asked—

"Will you take me home to my mother now?"

"Yes, my own; and before I leave I shall ask her to be my mother too."

And so he did; and Mrs. Clyde, with tears of joy, consented when she found that Jessie had already learned the "old, old story."

The servants at Mr. Harcourt's wondered much at "Mrs. Brown's" sudden disappearance, and before that wonder ceased a fresh one was given, for Mr. Harcourt brought home his lovely bride to rule in the place vacated by the housekeeper.

Nearly a Mistake.

BY HAROLD W. INGALLS.

"BETTER be an old man's darling than a young man's slave."

This had been Jessie Vernon's constant laughing answer to the many questions heaped upon her as to her strange choice—strange only because James Usilton had been a man of twenty-five when Jessie's violet eyes first had opened upon the world.

She was nineteen now, and he a man of forty-four.

An old man's darling indeed.

His darling, yes; but in the light of an old man, a hundred times no!

The wonder lay that he should have stooped from his grand height to her.

But he smiled sadly when he listened to her repetition of these things.

"I don't think you quite realize the gulf of years between us," he would answer her. "Think, Jessie—in six more years I shall be fifty, and you will scarce be twenty-five. Are you sure, darling—sure you will never regret?"

Once, when he had said to her something like this, she burst into tears.

"Hush, hush!" she entreated. "You [illegible] as though the heart might grow old. [illegible]g, James, as I do not seem too frivo[illegible] child to be honored by your love, never a[illegible] wound me by a doubt."

The words struck deep into his heart.

In future years he had sore need to find comfort in their memory.

The wedding-day at last dawned clear and bright.

He vowed, as he uttered the solemn pledges at the altar, that at any sacrifice he would make her happiness.

It was a silent vow, but none the less sacred.

* * * * * *

Two years passed on.

He would have held time back in the new joy of his experience.

Their boy was not a fortnight old when he entered his wife's room with an open letter in his hand.

She was resting in a large arm-chair, the violet eyes bent downward with new beauty in their depth to scan the little face pillowed on her breast.

"See, little mother," he cried, "I have just heard from Carl. He is coming home. He will be with us almost any day."

"Oh, I shall be glad to know him," she replied; "but jealous, James—a little jealous, I fear—you love him so well."

"As well as though he were my son," he answered fondly. "No—no! I used to say that, but I know now differently. It will be for him to feel jealousy, my darling, not for you. He will find two usurpers in the place he used to fill."

And he stooped to kiss the two faces, between which he liked to trace the strange likeness.

Carl Howard had grown to Jessie almost to be a household word.

He was her husband's ward—the son of a friend who had been to him dearer than a brother, and who, dying, had constituted him sole guardian of his only child.

The young man had just commenced his college career when his father died.

After finishing it he had gone abroad, and it had now been six years since his leaving his native land.

To Jessie he seemed still a boy, for as such James spoke of him.

Unconsciously, now that he was coming home, she found herself devising schemes for his amusement.

He might find their country home dull, beautiful as it was in its June dress, she mused.

Perhaps, now that she had grown strong and well again, she might invite a gay party of young people to fill it.

But before she had time to put any of her plans into execution, Carl arrived.

She and James was sitting together on the piazza, when a carriage drove hastily up, and out from it sprang a young man, tall, broad-shouldered, and even in the dim twilight, unmistakably handsome.

James started up to meet him, taking both outstretched hands in his in a way which showed how genuine was his welcome.

Then he led him proudly to his wife.

"Jessie, this is Carl."

"Why, uncle,"—this was the title he had always given him since his childhood—"I thought this was some little girl visiting you!"

And truly, in her white wrapper, buried in a great arm-chair, Jessie looked but a child.

All three laughed merrily.

The ice was broken—Carl was one of them.

Looking back at that hour, as the weeks sped on, how strange it seemed to look beyond.

Before Carl came seemed almost a blank, so did his young life fill the place.

Jessie never had had a brother; but she felt this gap in her life was filled now.

She and Carl were sworn friends.

It was he who rode with her when James cared not to go—who walked with her when James was busy—who stood ready at all times to be her humble and devoted cavalier.

She had expected a mere boy; she found a traveled man of the world, full ten years her senior.

When she told him of her plan to fill the house, he would not listen to it.

"Let us be alone," he pleaded; and she was but too willing to give assent.

It was a joyous summer.

They allowed no sovereignty save baby.

Over all three, he held undisputed sway.

"You have made my uncle young again," Carl said to her, one day.

"Hush!" she replied. "That is treason. We cannot make him what he already is, or return to him what he has never lost."

"You are happy?" James would sometimes say to her, yearningly—"quite happy?" as though he dared not believe in the sunny brightness of his life.

"Jessie," Carl began once, as they sat alone together, "I am going to confide to you a secret no one knows as yet, not even my uncle. I am in love. I have been fighting against it and myself for long. In my wandering life I have grown sceptical as to married happiness. What I have seen here has renewed my confidence, and I intend to put my fate to the test, and if I am fortunate, next summer I shall bring my bride here. Will you open your heart to her too?"

"Indeed—indeed I will," she answered earnestly.

And from that hour a new tie bound them.

"Why do you not tell James?" she would often ask him.

But he always answered:

"Wait."

Once he came to her with a letter in his hand, his handsome face alight with joy.

"It is all right, Jessie," he cried out. "Oh, can I tell you how proud and glad I am? And it is to you I owe it. It is you who taught me the power of love—what it is, what it may do; you who have given me this happiness I might never else have tasted. Jessie—Jessie! why did I not meet you earlier?"

"Oh, Carl, you can never love as I do!" she answered, when something sounded through the room as she uttered the last word.

Both glanced up.

The master of the house stood in the doorway, white and stern, but with an awful sorrow in his kind eyes.

Jessie sprang to his side.

"What is it, darling? What has happened?"

Could it be that she did not know he had overheard Carl's last words to her? he wondered.

Could it be that she had grown so accustomed to their meaning that she could not comprehend the awful vista they opened before his hitherto blinded eyes?

Could it be that she was so versed in deception that she could so readily call up the old love-light in the sweet face, where he had thought to read the content he had given her?"

"It is nothing" he said hoarsely, and turned away.

Something in his manner hurt and chilled her, but when they next met it had gone.

He was more watchful, more tender—that was all.

Of the long dark hours he had passed she could dream nothing.

"I strove to make her happiness," he would repeat softly to himself, "at any cost—at any cost. And it is all my fault; I threw them together. How well they are suited to each other. With each of them life is just beginning; with me—oh Heaven—I would that it had ended 'ere I lived to see this hour. But how can I make her happiness—my darling's happiness? I will find a way, and Heaven will forgive the sin."

Three days passed.

What had happened to her husband?

Once Jessie found his eyes fixed on her face as thought they would pierce their way into her soul.

"I believe James suspects we have a secret" she said to Carl one day. "Will you not let me tell him of your happiness?"

"Yes, you may tell him now," he answered. "He will understand why I gave you my confidence, even before him."

In the twilight she knocked at the library-door.

There was no answer, and she opened it softly and went in.

A letter lay on the table, addressed to herself.

She tore it open, and with blanched face and wide staring eyes, read the written page.

He wrote—

"Good-bye, my darling. I have found out (how matters not) that you and Carl love each other. I do not blame you. No momentary doubt of your womanly truth and purity has crossed my mind, but I swore to give you happiness at any cost, and I go to keep my oath. If ere long news of my sudden accidental death comes to you, you will know that I did not count the cost lightly, and remember that I died blessing you, and that it is my wish you and Carl should find with each other the happiness you missed with me. I could not hope, darling, to blend your young life with mine, yet the dream while it lasted was full of sweetness. Perhaps Heaven will give it back to me in eternity."

Like a spectre she hastened back to the room she had left, and thrust the letter, on which the ink was hardly dry, into Carl Howard's hands.

"Find him," she moaned, "find him. Bring him back to me, or never let me look again upon your face."

Then with a shrill scream from the young lips, as the full extent of her misery burst upon her, she fell fainting to the floor.

For hours she was unconscious; but when at last the violet eyes opened they looked into her husband's face.

Carl had found and brought him back to her.

With a few hasty words all had been explained.

Through an accident of time the dread verdict "Too late" had not been pronounced.

The handsome face bending over her pillow was aged with misery, but to her it had the light of eternal youth.

She heeded not his passionate prayer for forgiveness.

She forgot that he had wronged her; only, with her clinging arms about his neck she drew him down—down to the sacred shelter of her breast.

Only For A Time.

BY PERCY VERE.

"THAT is a sweet voice—very," said Captain Mayell; "and with more cultivation too than one is apt to find among the general run of itinerant minstrels."

He was standing at the corner of the street waiting for an omnibus.

Somewhere there was a block of vehicles, and the omnibus was slow in making its appearance, but while he waited Captain Mayell listened vaguely to the wild street ballad warbled by a fresh exquisitely true young voice to the fitful accompaniment of a cracked violin.

A little crowd had gathered round the corner.

The blind fiddler in his tattered velveteen coat and picturesque white beard passed his hat around, and the singer, with her face half veiled by the folds of the black shawl, which was thrown over her head and fell in long nun-like folds about her slight person, stood holding the violin.

As her large liquid eyes fell on Mayell he advanced, and holding out a silver coin, spoke some laughing sentence in the musical modulations of the Italian language.

She took the money with a murmured word of thanks, but the shy surprised glance denoted that she had not understood him.

"So they are not Italians after all," said Mayell, as he sprang into the omnibus. "I was sure that olive skin, and those deep melting eyes could only have caught their glow under the skies of Italy.

"Well, it only shows how easy it is to be mistaken. At all events, it was a fair dimpled little face, and I hope her grizzle-bearded old friend will reap an ample harvest of pennies."

And in searching for the abiding-place of his old friend, Mr. Castleton, the decayed artist, he completely forgot the little incident of the evening.

"No. 44, Sea Court," he said to himself. "Yes, this must be the place. And yet," glancing up at the mildewed brick walls and indescribable shabbiness of the old house, "who would have expected to find Warde Castleton here?

"Warde Castleton, the descendant of a long line of ancestry—Warde Castleton, whom I can remember as the master of Castle Hall.

"Bad management, extravagant living, mad investments—this is what they have brought him too. Poor fellow! one can scarcely offer charity to him; and yet what is to be done?"

And groping his way into the hall, where a sort of Cimmerian darkness reigned, he managed to inquire his way to the floor where Mr. Castleton lived.

The majestic old artist came forward to receive him, in a tattered dressing-gown which had once been ruby velvet, a cap of the same material on his head, and a mahl-stick in his hand.

"Ah, Mayell, my old friend," he cried, grasping the hand of the unexpected guest—"or rather the young friend of my old days—you are welcome.

"You find me rather indifferently situated; but we all know that genius is, at times, under a cloud.

"Walk in—walk in! Here is Mrs. Castleton, and Beatrix, my eldest daughter. But where is Miriam?—little Miriam, the beauty and the runaway of the flock? Call her, Trix. Tell her to get us some supper. She will be here directly."

Mrs. Castleton, a little old lady in a lace cap, who had lost the use of her limbs, sat knitting in a wheeled chair by the sadly insufficient fire.

Her poor nose was blue, and the hand which she held out to Clarence Mayell was cold as an icicle.

Beatrix, a pale young woman of twenty, drew an old screen before the table, on which was a plate of cod meat and a pitcher of thin tea, and made haste to adjust the easel so as to hide the cot-bed in the corner.

Mr. Castleton pointed to the easel, with a flourish of the hand.

"You see, Mayell," said he, "that I still cling to the old habits.

"My hand is scarcely as steady now as I could wish, but it seems necessary to sell a picture now and then. Trix, where is your sister? Why does not Miriam come in? We have some wealthy acquaintances, Mayell," the old man continued, "who decline to buy my pictures, and who contrive systematically to ignore us.

"But I am told that Miriam frequently goes to them. Well, well, I cannot wonder—the child is young, and this," glancing contemptuously around the room, "is hardly the place to attract a girl's capricious fancy. Trixy here is true to her old parents."

"Papa," said Beatrix, coloring, "do not blame Miriam. She——"

"Have I blamed her?" The old artist shrugged his shoulders. "She is young—she is very young—that is all. As I was saying, Mayell, I sell a picture now and then, and so we manage to keep alive. Just let me show you some of the ideas I have sketched on canvas."

And while Captain Mayell turned over the old man's portfolio and cogitated within himself how he might best offer to purchase a picture without hurting the sensitive pride of the artist, the silent Beatrix put more coal on the dying fire, spread a clean cloth on the table, and set forth a meal which had evidently been purchased in haste from the shelves of the nearest cheap restaurant.

Half of a skinny cold duck, a little dab of muddy currant jelly, a pile of bread, and a potato salad.

And when the unappetising meal was over, and they sat shivering by the fire, the door opened, and in glided a small slight figure like a shadow.

"It's Miriam," said Mr. Castleton; "my youngest girl. Come in, pet, and speak to Captain Mayell."

Miriam stopped abruptly in the doorway, and turned first red, then pale, before she advanced and held out an unwilling hand.

Mayell rose and bowed over it; but as their eyes met he smiled a little.

"Miss Castleton," said he, "I am very happy to meet you."

And Miriam hid herself away behind her mother's chair, close to Beatrix, and do what Captain Mayell would, he could not succeed in drawing her into the conversation.

"I will make her look up," he said to himself, a little chagrined at the steadfastness with which the dark eyes were bent towards the fire.

Turning to the artist he asked carelessly—

"Does your daughter sing?"

"A little, in a wild way, like a lark or a nightingale," said Mr. Castleton. "She had a guitar once, but it is lost or broken, or something. Can't you sing for us, daughter?"

The ruse was successful.

Miriam looked up in a frightened way, her eyes glittering, her cheeks glowing in red spots.

"I—I cannot sing to-night," she said hurriedly. "Please, papa, don't ask me."

But when Captain Mayell had taken leave for the night, and was groping his way down the stairs, he was most suddenly and unexpectedly confronted by Miriam herself wrapped in the black shawl, with Beatrix at her side.

"Captain Mayell," said Beatrix in a low voice, "what must you think? For our own sakes we owe you an explanation."

"Hush, Trix!" cried Miriam excited. "All this preamble is quite unnecessary. I will tell him all about it.

"Papa doesn't know that I sing with old Bartimeo in the streets—but mamma does and Trix.

"They know that Bartimeo takes excellent care of me; and I wear his daughter's dress, and—and we cannot let poor papa starve."

"And," soberly added Trix, "we give papa the money, and he thinks old Bartimeo has sold a picture for him to some of the Italian dealers down town.

"Poor papa! and it makes him so happy! And, indeed, indeed no one speaks to Miriam except with the greatest courtesy and kindness. And we hope you will not betray our secret to poor papa, as he would never, never forgive us at all."

"Pray," cried Mayell genuinely touched, "do not imagine that I could be guilty of such a dishonorable thing. Believe me, Miss Castleton——"

Miriam, very white and cold, was looking at him with eyes that flashed scornful lightning.

"Here is the wretched coin you gave me," said she. "Take it back."

"Why?" he asked, confounded and hurt.

"Because I hate you," she answered, abruptly seizing her sister's arm. "Come, Trix, let us go."

But he posted himself directly across her path, determined not thus to part.

"But why do you hate me?" said he; "because I respect your courage and sense, and honor your filial duty?"

"Because you despise me," she retorted.

"Never!" he cried, taking her hand in spite of herself; and then and there [illegible] became fast friends.

"I am coming to-morr[illegible] order a picture of you[illegible] also bid me wel[illegible]

And she?

"Yes."

But [illegible]

Bliss [illegible] accomp[illegible]

Warde [illegible] entirely [illegible] had been [illegible] Mayell as[illegible]

loved you ever since I saw you singing on the pavement in that picturesque Italian costume?"

And among her wedding gifts was a diamond-studded gold locket, in which was set the tiny silver coin which he had given her on that bleak November afternoon when the twilight was verging into dusk.

The Pasha's Daughter.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

THE evening drum had given the signal for the troops to retire to their quarters for the night.

Not a sound now broke the solemn stillness of the night which had succeeded to the noise and turmoil of a busy day.

There had been a grand review, to celebrate the arrival of Osman Bey, who had come to claim the hand of his promised bride, Zuleika, daughter of the Pasha.

The hero of the day was Selim. None could cleave a turban or hurl a javelin more dexterously than he.

Zuleika loved him.

Often had he climbed the steep garden battlements, at the peril of his life, to steal a few short hours in her company; and now she must wed another.

She walked through the citron-grove down to the wonted trysting place, an artificial grotto, hidden from observation by a thick, clustering vine, which overhung the entrance.

She plucked a leaf from its tendrils, and then stood silently, as though awaiting an answer. None came.

She peered cautiously into the interior; then, with a look of agony on her beautiful face, walked away.

"Where can he be? He has no doubt heard that my father has destined me for the Bey's bride. Why did I not tell him of it myself, instead of waiting till he learned it from someone else? I am now a faithless creature in his eyes, no doubt, and shall never see him more, but I shall always love him!

"The Sultan himself should not have my hand without my free consent! What peace and rest seems to lie in this purple ocean, which beats on the foot of the crag! —what freedom breathes its boundless waters!"

These were the thoughts that passed through her mind as she looked out on the broad expanse of water which lay at the foot of the harem garden.

The moon traced a long silver pathway along the ocean.

On this her eyes were fixed with all the eagerness of fond expectation.

Presently a light caique, impelled with great swiftness, made its appearance. She waved her handkerchief, and it immediately disappeared again into the shade from which it had emerged.

A few minutes more, and Selim was standing by her side, straining her to his heart.

"Oh, Selim, do not linger here, or we shall be observed by the guards! Then what a fate would be ours! In the grotto we shall be safe. Come! and do not speak louder than a whisper. The perfumed zephyr is a treacherous friend."

Cautiously they stole along in the shade of the trees until they reached the haven of security.

The grotto was an artificial one, on which much labor had been expended.

The roof glittered with thousands of gold stars, hidden in places by light, feathery clouds, which, on pressing a spring, sent down a shower of perfumed waters on the inmates.

A little to the right was an aperture, constructed in such a way that it would escape the observation of anyone not acquainted with it.

Into this aperture, which was a long, narrow gallery, they entered, and pursued their way in silence until at length they arrived in a large and spacious cavern hewn in the solid rock.

At the entrance, Zuleika paused to light a small oil-lamp, which hung suspended from the ceiling.

The light was reflected back by a myriad of glistening stones, which studded the walls.

The cavern was furnished with everything which might tend to promote the comfort of a temporary guest, and afforded a cool retreat, from the heat of the midday sun.

Nobody ever came there, so that they were not likely to be surprised.

"I have much to tell you, Zuleika, this night. It is a fitting time now, the last, perhaps, that we shall meet on this earth."

"Alas! what has happened that such a change should come over you? What meant your many vows of love, Selim?"

"Are you not the affianced bride of the Bey? Would you reject such an alliance for a man so lowly as myself? Why was it you never told me of this before?"

"Oh, Selim, do not blame me for keeping it a secret from you! I thought to prevail upon my father, on account of the great affection which he bears me, not to force me in this matter.

"For some time he wavered, and I thought I had gained my point; but ambition was too strong even for his most tender affection.

"But do not doubt me, Selim. I shall ever be true to you. Rather than be the wife of anyone but you, I will find a resting-place in the waves which flow beneath us."

He took her hand in his.

"Zuleika, thou art mine for ever. It is but just that I should tell you who I really am. Sit by my side and listen."

She took her seat by his side, and waited in breathless curiosity for what he was going to say.

"No doubt, Zuleika, you have always believed that I was born a Mussulman, like those with whom I live. So I myself deemed, until I had attained the age of seventeen.

"Hassan, my supposed father, was, you know, a distinguished officer in the troops of your father.

"Him I always looked up to with the fond affection of a child for its parent.

"One day, it was that on which I carried off my first prize for cleaving a turban, I remember it well—he called me aside, and told me to seek him in his tent when the evening prayer was over.

"On entering, I found him sitting with some papers and a small casket on his knee. On seeing me, he commenced to weep.

"'Come hither, my son, that I may do thee justice before I die. My days are numbered, and I shall not be here long. You are no Mussulman.'

"For some time I was at a loss to comprehend his meaning. He remained seated there silently, the tears running down his furrowed cheeks.

"'Come here, my son, and gaze upon your home.'

"With that he showed me a picture, concealed among the papers. It represented a large embattled building, on the summit of a gently undulating hill, the slopes of which were covered with vineyards.

"'This, Selim, is your home—far away in the land of the Franks. Your mother even now may be weeping for you. Your name is D'Orsy, son of a great Count of that name. I myself was not always in the service of the Pasha.

"I was once a pirate. One day, as we were cruising in search of a prize, we spied a foreign-looking vessel making across our path. We signalled it to lay to. No heed was taken. We followed, and as our vessel was the fleetest, we soon overtook it. A desperate fight ensued, in which we were victors. Not one of the stranger crew were left alive. They fought like lions to the last. You were then but a child. I was struck by your bravery as you stood with a sabre in your hand over the dead body of your father, and spared your life, resolving to bring you up as my own son.

"Shortly afterwards an unexpected shift of fortune gained me admittance into the Pasha's guard. I determined to change my precarious life for a more honorable one. I abandoned my piratical companions, and soon rose to the position I now occupy.

"These papers are sufficient to prove your identity if ever you should change the turban for your native dress, and seek your home beyond the seas.'

"With that he delivered them into my hands, together with a ring, which he had taken from the hand of my father, telling me to guard them as my own life.

"A few days after, he expired, and for a time I forgot everything in the anguish I felt, for I had learnt to love him, not knowing what, through him, I had lost. And then I saw you, and whatever intention I might have entertained of regaining my lost inheritance melted away then. I could not tear myself away from the place where you dwelt. But now, Zuleika, why not fly with me to the land of the Franks? There you would be free of the tyranny of an ambitious father. There we would live in peace and happiness."

Zuleika laid her head on his shoulder, looked into his face with joy beaming in her eyes, and murmured:

"It is well, Selim; I am yours. But how are we to escape?"

"Leave that to me. I know a pirate captain, an old friend of my father's, who will convey us in safety. I can give him a reward which will amply compensate him for his trouble. But now it is getting late. During the feast to-morrow evening, steal away from the side of your intended husband. I shall be waiting here, and all will be in readiness."

Selim descended the steep crag, and regained his boat.

Zuleika watched him until he was lost in the darkness of the night; then returned to the harem, to prepare for her flight.

Everything of value which could easily be carried was placed near at hand, so that she could take it at a moment's notice.

When she had finished, she lay down upon her couch, and listened to the song of the bulbul.

Never had it seemed to sing so sweetly.

Her heart beat with a wild delight as she thought that freedom was at hand.

* * * * * * * * *

The next morning Zuleika received an early summons to attend the Pasha, her father.

With a secret fear creeping through her veins, she hurried to his presence.

But the smile of the Pasha—such an unusual thing—put an end to all fear.

"Daughter of my favorite slave, I see you and your mother's charms still live, and I have found one worthy to possess you. You know, my child, of whom I speak. Your nuptials must take place this day. Osman Bey has been called hence by a mandate from the Sultan. He leaves to-morrow, and will carry his bride with him."

Zuleika started and grew pale.

This might prevent her from being able to effect her escape, as had been planned.

Quickly recovering herself, however, she answered:

"Father, to hear is to obey."

"Of late, my child, it has been noticed that you are out till very late in the harem garden. It is not good that this should be; not that I am afraid of anyone seeing you unveiled; it is impossible that mortal should gain entrance to the garden without my permission. But I like not to hear of this that is said of you."

Zuleika returned to her chamber in great agitation.

Had the plot been discovered?

Now that she recalled to mind the events of the preceding night, she remembered seeing what appeared to be the shadow of a man.

She had then taken no particular notice of it, fancying that it was merely some fantastic tree.

But now her father's words gave a dread import to it.

They must have been overheard.

Yet if that were the case, she would have suffered death ere now; not even the affection of a father would have saved her from it.

No; it could be nothing more than a whim.

He had perceived the dislike she entertained to the purposed marriage, and was afraid lest she should escape him by taking away her own life.

She was confirmed in this opinion when, on looking around the apartment, she missed the dagger which she had forgotten to place in her girdle.

The bells from the mosques rang out a joyous peal to celebrate her coming marriage.

Each peal sounded to her like a death knell!

What would she be but a slave?

All the horrors of a life passed with the Bey were before her eyes.

And then came a vision of a distant land, less fair, perhaps, than her own, but which would be rendered more so by the presence of one she loved.

And now the day had passed away.

The feast commenced; all was mirth.

Zuleika sat by the side of her future lord; from time to time she glanced hurriedly out into the night.

Presently she whispered a few words to her father; he appeared satisfied, and she left the hall.

Breathless with emotion, she sought her chamber, possessed herself of the things prepared for her voyage, and hastened to the garden.

Selim was there awaiting her.

His high-crowned turban was thrown aside, and in its place was a cap of steel.

A cuirass, inlaid with gold, displaying a bright red cross, was on his breast.

He clasped Zuleika to his heart.

"Haste! haste!" she said. "There is no time to be lost. Soon I shall be missed from the least."

"A caique awaits us at the bottom of the peak. I must lower you first."

So saying, he bound a silken cord around her waist.

Then, after a fervent embrace, she stepped lightly out into the giddy space, and reached the boat in safety.

Selim prepared to descend the dangerous path he had so often trod, when suddenly a torch blazed out from a thicket—another, and another!

What was to be done? They were surprised!

Selim signalled to his companions in the boat to lay quiet under the sheltering rock.

He himself plunged into the grotto where the night before he and Zuleika had planned everything.

There he stood, dauntlessly awaiting the end, determined, however, not to imperil himself by any rashness.

The Pasha passed by close to where he lay hid, a naked sabre in his hand.

It was easy to see that he was under the influence of wine, as was also Osman; the rest had not violated the law of their religion.

It was fortunate for Selim that they had on that night succumbed to temptation, otherwise he would in all probability have been discovered.

As it was, they forgot all about the grotto.

"Is she in her chamber, Haroun? Have you searched her room?"

The answer was in the negative.

The consequence was that attention was drawn to another quarter.

The torches once more flashed before Selim's eyes, and then gradually disappeared.

Quick as thought Selim left his hiding-place.

There the Bey Osman stood before him, furiously brandishing his scimitar.

The combat was of short duration; after a few passes Osman was disarmed, and thrown to the ground.

Selim hastily descended the cliff, and reached the boat in safety.

The party had been recalled by the noise of the combatants, but arrived too late to prevent Selim's escape.

The Pasha had the mortification of seeing his daughter wave her handkerchief, as she stepped on board a vessel, which at once put out to sea.

TOO RELIGIOUS.—A young man with a very bad style of elocution, but who firmly and steadfastly believed that in the article of voice he was the superior of Adams, engaged a teacher to give him lessons. When asked how he liked his teacher, his reply was that he was a good master, but he was altogether too religious for him. "How too religious?" "Why, while I am practicing he walks up and down the room wringing his hands and praying." "What is his prayer? What does he pray about?" "I can't exactly say, but I caught the words, 'Good Heavens! how long must I endure this?'" There was doubtless something the matter with him.

A REAL estate transfer—moving a carload of dirt.

Scientific and Useful.

WATER.—Excessive drinking of water is said to increase the consumption of fat in the body. Too watery food should therefore be avoided, especially in fattening, if we wish to obtain the most rapid abundant formations of flesh and fat.

NEW SLATE FRAME.—A new slate-frame is made from strips of pasteboard, hard felting or the like, moulded and cemented together, and which is designed to obviate the disagreeable noise made by pupils in using the ordinary wooden frame.

RUSTED STEEL.—It is found that rusted steel can be cleaned by washing with a solution of half an ounce of cyanide of potassium in two ounces of water, and then brushing with a paste of half an ounce each of cyanide of potassium and Castile soap, an ounce of whiting, and sufficient water.

GINGER BEER POWDERS.—Powdered white sugar, two drachms; powdered ginger five grains; carbonate of soda, twenty-six grains; mix, and wrap in blue paper. Tartaric acid, thirty grains; wrap in white paper. Dissolve each separately in half a glass of spring water; mix, and drink while in a state of effervescence.

DAMP BEDS.—To ascertain whether a bed be damp or not, after the bed is warmed put a cold glass globe in between the sheets, and, if the bed be damp, in a few minutes drops of wet will appear in the inside of the glass. This is of great consequence to be attended to in travelling, as many persons have laid the foundation of incurable disorders by sleeping in a damp bed.

WARTS.—One good treatment is to pare the hard and dry skin from their tops, and then touch them with the smallest drop of strong acetic acid, taking care that the acid does not run off the wart upon the neighboring skin, for if it do, it will occasion inflammation and much pain. If this practice be continued once or twice daily, with regularity paring the surface of the wart occasionally, when it gets hard and dry, the wart may soon be effectually cured.

STRONG MUCILAGE.—A very strong mucilage, having sufficient tenacity to fasten sheets of pasteboard together, and having the additional advantage of being waterproof, can be made by melting together equal parts of pitch and gutta percha. To nine parts of this add three parts of boiled oil and one-fifth part of litharge. Continue the heat with stirring until thorough union of the ingredients is effected. Apply the mixture hot or somewhat cooled, and thinned with a small quantity of benzole or turpentine oil.

Farm and Garden.

BREEDERS OF FOWLS.—The following points should be sought after in selecting a breed of fowls: Early maturity, fertility as layers, size, quality of flesh, and hardiness at all ages.

SUMAC.—The sumac business has been an important business in Virginia for several years. Sumac is used for tanning. It grows spontaneously, and at certain seasons nearly all classes engage in gathering it from the fields, as it is a nuisance in some localities. It sells readily at from $20 to $30 per ton, according to quality.

CROWS AND CORN.—Farmers who complain of the crow pulling up freshly-planted corn could effectually protect their crop by scattering on two or three occasions half a peck or more of soaked corn over an adjoining newly-plowed field, which would effectually divert their attention from the planted field. Neither crows nor blackbirds can eat hard corn, and that is the reason the soft corn in the ground is disturbed.

POTATOES.—A correspondent of the New York *World* says: "I do not pretend to say what causes scabby potatoes, but some of my neighbors vouch for the effectiveness of refuse tobacco as a remedy. Their plan is to cut up the refuse stems and stalks of tobacco quite fine in an ordinary straw-cutter and apply a handful to each hill of potatoes at time of planting. This simple remedy appears to have done good by destroying the grubs or parasites, or whatever is the cause of the scab. It also acts as a fertilizer."

TAR AND HURDLES.—An English farmer in a letter to the *London Times* gives a good hint to farmers. Requiring some hurdles as a sun-shade for plants, he used ordinary hurdles, but found that they soon rotted away through contact with the moist earth. He then hit upon the expedient of coating them with gas-tar; but the brush would not reach the interstices, and the plan failed. By arrangement with the local gas-works, he then sent the hurdles to be dipped in a tank of tar; and the neighboring farmers are so impressed by the notion, that they too are having their hurdles treated in the same manner. The application of the tar has the effect of a brilliant black, weather-proof varnish.

SOIL FOR ROSES.—As all roses are fond of deep, rich soil, the beds or positions intended for them should be trenched or double dug, and have plenty of rotten manure worked in as the digging or trenching proceeds. In cases where the land is very stiff and heavy the best manure to use is that from horses, as this contains much vegetable matter, and is a great help in preventing the stiff soil from binding too closely and shutting out air, which has such a sweetening, beneficial influence on the character and texture of all soils. For light sandy ground cow manure is the most suitable, on account of being cooler in its nature and when in a decomposed state highly congenial to the roots of most plants, and particularly so to those of the rose.

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SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 2, 1888.

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THE GOOD AND BAD.

There are few commonplace remarks made in daily life which are more often misplaced than that which pronounces so-and-so "good-hearted." The term is constantly applied to people whom it would be better to call "bad-hearted," and whose every act bears evidence that their aim in life is but to lay waste and ruin the works of those who labor for true charity's sake. By the extravagance with which the words "good-hearted" are used, it is no longer an honor to the owner of a truly good heart to be called so.

Spendthrifts, lavish and oily-tongued persons are said to be good-hearted, when in truth they never had enough goodness within them to know the meaning of the words—when they are absolutely evil-hearted, and live their prodigal life but for this false praise, and to figure as leaders in the moral corruption of all with whom they come in contact.

The free spending of money, constant self-praise, and a slimy palavering, is too often allowed to cover the sins of a base and malicious person, without realization of the cost.

Continuously lavish persons cannot well be good-hearted; egotism is too prominent a feature in their character; they are neither friends to themselves nor anyone else; they are too selfish to spend their money in a creditable manner on themselves, but that would not matter so much if, in spending it on others, they would refrain from doing positive harm.

A jovial spendthrift, a cunning slanderer, or other artful and evil-doers, should not be considered good-hearted for freely and recklessly squandering their money. The most evil of all, however, is the one who will do you a genuine favor to gain your confidence for a greater attack in future, changing your appreciation of the same to bitterness upon a realization of the fact.

The evils arising from the influences of bad-hearted people who are by many of their acquaintances termed good, entertaining, and liberal, are cruel almost beyond endurance to others who must involuntarily suffer their consequences. Such people and their victims—who are mostly women—are scattered among the high and low, and through all the walks of life; they bring discord into happy homes and pain to the loyal and the least deserving; they are feared rather than shunned or battled with by the majority: they are sly, gliding snakes in the grass, willing to attack anyone whom they think they can injure, but preferring those who are least able to ward them off, that their power to poison may be more acutely felt, and their victorious selves come out of the conflict uninjured.

Let us not misplace the words good-hearted, and thereby lessen their value. Those who are worthy of being so designated will guard against possible unjust consequences following from their sayings and doings; they will appreciate any good they may chance to find in bad quarters, and promptly condemn any bad they may find in good surroundings; they must do so in order to be as they are—good-hearted.

SANCTUM CHAT.

IN revenge for the enforcement of the Sunday law, the saloon-keepers in Toledo endeavored to prevent the running of street cars on the Sabbath. A driver was arrested and tried, but the judge charged that street cars were a necessity of modern civilization, and the jury acquitted the defendant on the first ballot.

—

SOME Californians are preaching and practising a new form of vegetarianism. They eat the vegetables raw, believing that cookery is contrary to nature. A leader in the movement has lived for months on broken wheat, pears, melons, grapes, apples, and tomatoes, and he declares that he is very happy on that diet.

—

THE writer of a report on English factories and workshops has drawn a picture which is anything but alluring of London bakeries. He found that in many cases the staff of life is prepared amid surroundings which are as unhealthful as they are unappetizing, and that in some establishments the arrangements are positively shocking.

—

IN a recent analysis of twenty-nine samples of quinine pills and capsules not one contained the amount of that article called for by the label, though some of them came near it. In two instances the so-called quinine proved to be one of the lower and weaker alkaloids from cinchona bark. It is important, especially in fevers, that the quality, quantity and strength of quinine should be unimpeachable.

—

DOMESTIC servants and drivers of public vehicles in Constantinople are hereafter to be under the direct supervision of a paternal government. The office for the compulsory registration of servants, already twice opened, and twice closed, is about to be re-established, and those who want servants must seek them there, or go without them. Public coachmen will be required to furnish proof of good character and skill.

—

THE Prince of Wales must have as large a wardrobe as a star, and must be quite as much in need of a "dresser." At Portsmouth he appeared the first day in a volunteer uniform; at the review he was in the uniform of the Civil Service Corps; the same night he was at Government House in the red tunic of a general officer. He can on occasion turn out as an admiral, a guardsman, a hussar, a Highlander, a Uhlan, or in the flowing robes of an Indian rajah, possibly of a Chinaman or a Jap.

—

QUEEN VICTORIA is soon going to make a state visit to Epping Forest. By the exertions of a few public-spirited men and the corporation of London, this grand tract of 6,000 acres, half an hour's ride of the metropolis, has been rescued from the filching and encroaching landlords in its vicinage, and secured forever as a playground for the people of London, whose toiling East End population can reach it by rail in half an hour, for a few cents. It is full of green glades and fine timber.

—

How to prevent the adulteration of food is engrossing the attention of the Massachusetts Legislature. A committee has reported a bill designed to preserve the purity of both food and drugs, giving a broad definition to the term adulteration, and putting ample power into the hands of the State Board of Health. That body is to make all necessary inquiries, fix the limits of "permissible variation" from the standard, and establish regulations for examining articles, in order to determine their quality.

—

A PRETTY idea was carried out at a fashionable wedding in London the other day. The bride's dress was of white brocade, and the bridesmaids appeared each in a different color, or rather tint, so pale of hue were their pretty dresses. One was in pale blue, another in pale pink, a third in pale yellow, and the fourth in pale green, while all four wore large and picturesque white hats, trimmed with feathers and flowers to match their respective dresses, and each carried a bunch of flowers which also harmonized in color with her gown.

A CORRESPONDENT of a prominent London paper writes from Sydney, New South Wales: "The Americans are pushing trade here with great energy; in some articles they have ousted, and in others are ousting, British manufactures. It has always been a puzzle here why British dealers are elbowed out so contentedly, and why they do not take the same pains as the Americans do to study the wants of their customers. The answer given is that the trade is too small. The Americans believe that 'small beginnings often have great endings.'"

—

SOAP-BUBBLE parties are being revived. As many clay pipes are provided as there are guests. Every two pipes are decorated with a piece of ribbon of the same color. They are picked out at random, the gentlemen and ladies selecting separately. The gentleman and lady who happen to have ribbons of the same color become partners, and proceed to amuse themselves by blowing soap-bubbles from little cups placed in front of them, each couple vieing with each other to see whose bubbles are the biggest and last the longest. This keeps up until refreshments are served, and if dancing follows, the partnership continues.

—

THE emigration movement is coming to be considered a serious matter in Great Britain. Formerly only the poorer classes of Irish, who could no longer endure their poverty, came to America. Now it is very different, as the following from the London *Economist*, a leading financial paper, shows: "We hear of three hundred heads of families emigrating to Manitoba and the far West. Trustworthy figures report them as taking $500,000 cash among them. Five hundred more of a similar description are preparing to pass through the same agency within the next fortnight. It is now on so large a scale as not to be without influence on our money market."

—

ARISTOCRACY in England is coming in every direction to grief. In addition to Lord Huntley, we have another Scotch lord of ancient lineage, Lord Ruthven, in the Bankruptcy Court, who finds matters even harder to arrange. The heir of a baronet is found apprenticed to a pawbroker. The Countess of Mornington has applied for parochial relief. Two noble brothers are in the coal trade. A great flower shop in Regent street is kept by an aristocratic Major, who is not ashamed of his calling. At Ealing they will ask you if you will have a cup of milk from "the Viscount's dairy," and at Exbridge there is the nursery ground where a few months ago you might have beheld a Scotch earl and his wife and children weeding and watering vegetables for the London market. The earl is now dead, and his widow has been pensioned off by the purchaser of the ground.

—

THE lottery mania is spreading with alarming rapidity in France. The Paris *Figaro* even goes so far as to publish seriously a proposal for the stoppage of one franc per month from the salaries of all the employes in the Postoffice and other Government or private administrations, in order that all might participate in a monthly drawing or lottery. The French postoffice employs 100,000 persons, and consequently the one franc a month would just furnish four prizes of 40,000 francs a month, or one a week. There is not a single employe, according to the same paper, who would refuse to pay the small montly contribution to obtain the chance of so large a profit, and to "provided besides for the future of a family of work people."

—

THE enthusiastic and almost affectionate interest which the people of Oneida, New York, felt in the Indian skeletons recently exhumed at that place, has rapidly declined since it became known that the original proprietors of these mournful relics died, in all probability, of the small-pox. This assurance is imparted by an aged Indian whose father informed him of the circumstance on his way home from a fishing excursion, as they passed the spot where the bones were lately uncovered. It is needless to point out the sacred value which attaches to evidence of this character. It comes home with a solemn and awful thud to the bosoms of the people of Oneida who have stripped from their bar-rooms and show-windows the osseous decorations which for a brief time brought them custom.

—

ARCHDEACON KIRBY, who has spent many years as a Deacon within the Arctic Circle, lectured in Detroit the other evening upon his work and the people among whom it has been performed. There are four dioceses in Rupert's Land, and if one Bishop writes to another, his letter has got to go by the way of England, travelling 12,000 miles between two points which are only 800 miles apart. "When an Esquimau girl marries," said the lecturer, "she cuts the hair off the top of her husband's head, rolls it up into a ball, and places it upon the side of her head, combing her own hair over it. When his hair has grown again, she again cuts it off, and has a roll for the other side of her head. After she has been married eight or ten years she has a formidable chignon. Now, I will leave it to you, ladies, whether those Esquimau girls got that custom from you, or you from them."

—

HERE is an anecdote of the Princess Royal when she first went to her home in Berlin: A Prussian Princess, for instance, is not allowed by her mistress of the robes to take up a chair, and, after having carried it through the whole breadth of the room, to put it down in another corner. It was while committing such an act that Princess Victoria was lately caught by Countess Perponcher. The venerable lady remonstrated with a considerable degree of earnestness. "I'll tell you what," replied, nothing daunted, the royal heroine of this story—"I'll tell you what, my dear Countess, you are probably aware of the fact of my mother being the Queen of England?" The Countess bowed assent. "Well," resumed the bold Princess, "then I must reveal to you another fact; Her Majesty, the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, has not once, but very often, so far forgotten herself as to take up a chair. I speak from personal observation, I can assure you. Nay, if I am not greatly deceived, I noticed my mother carrying a chair in each hand, in order to set them for her children. Do you really think that my dignity forbids anything which is frequently done by the Queen of England?" The Countess bowed again, and retired, perhaps not without a little astonishment at the important biographical information she had heard. However, she knew her office, and resolved to prove not less staunch to her duties than the Princess to her principle.

THE SWEETEST SONG.

BY W. H. W.

Clare looks up from the book she holds,
With a pretty frown in her laughing eyes;
Her listless hands lie loosely clasped
In her silken lap, as she cries—
"Why can't the poets sing other songs—
Find something else below, above,
Newer, better than this old tale,
This threadbare theme of love?"

And I pause to look at the lovely face,
While I hold imprisoned one dimpled hand;
"It can never be that, my Clare," I say.
"Some day you will understand
That nothing is better—power, fame,
Honor, wealth, nor the touch of gold;
For Love is the pulse of the world to-day,
And it throbs as it did of old.

"It is from Love that valor springs
The heart to dare, the will to do;
The strength to win some bright renown,
To be brave men and true!
No matter where you wander, dear,
Beneath our own or foreign skies,
You'll find the sweetest poems sung
Are songs to woman's eyes.

"Ambition grasps a laurel wreath,
But Love can conquer even fate—
Conquer the king upon his throne,
The peasant at his gate.
You laugh and shake your little head,
But yet, my pretty Clare, 'tis true;
You'll own it, some time, doubting heart,
When Love has conquered you."

Marjorie's Sacrifice.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

"OUR next-door neighbors have arrived, Clay," said old Mrs. Crindle to her son, the doctor, as he came in from his round of visits, with a weary look on his pale handsome face, never too weary however to feel interest in anything the dear mother might have to tell him.

"Arrived, have they, mother? It will be better than having an old empty house for neighbors, you think, eh? Well, I hope indeed it may prove so."

The old lady shook her head doubtingly. "They seem to be only men and boys, except a slip of a girl, who flitted about here, there, and everywhere, giving orders as though she had my grey head upon her young shoulders."

The doctor laughed, but it was a tired laugh, and the old ears listening were keen to detect the sound of weariness.

"You are tired, my boy," she said.

"Oh no," he answered. "Not more than usual. By the way, mother, I had a letter from Marjorie to-day. They talk of coming home next summer, but she says it is impossible to carry out my proposition of a marriage in June; that her father's eyesight is failing more and more rapidly, and that she could not think of leaving him."

"How long has your engagement lasted, Clay?"

"Four years," he said despondently.

"Four years! And except for Mr. Markham's health you would have been married long since. Why can he not make his home with you?"

"I have proposed that to Marjorie, but she will not hear of it. She has an absurd idea that I might wake some fine day and fancy him a burden; and all my eloquence to the contrary has been so long wasted that I have ceased to exercise it."

"But she still holds you to your engagement?"

"Why, mother," and now there was reproach in the young doctor's face, "I ask no woman lightly to become my wife; and once asking I need not to be held to my part at least of the bond."

"Well, well, I hope you may always feel so; but you have not been tried yet, Clay."

The summons to dinner at this moment interrupted them, and after the daintily-served meal, seated before a blazing fire in dressing-gown and slippers, Doctor Clay Crindle mentally congratulated himself that his duties for the twenty-four hours were ended.

But his congratulations were premature.

A quick sharp peal at the bell startled him from his reverie.

A lad of perhaps fourteen stood on the threshold as the servant opened it.

"My father has been suddenly taken ill," he said. "I saw the doctor's sign this afternoon, and Sister Eva told me to ask him to come in at once, please. We live next door, only moved in to-day."

All this poured forth in a breathless boyish treble, which reached the ear of the doctor as he sat within.

"All right, I will be there in five minutes," he called out.

Again drawing on the boots he had been so glad to draw off, mentally anathematizing next-door neighbors in general and this case in particular, he started on his unexpected errand.

He had no need to ring the bell.

The boy who had come for him had stationed himself at the opened door, and motioned him to the stairs.

At their head stood a young girl.

In that moment he thought her but a child, but her air of quiet dignity, as she held out a little cold hand of welcome, and simply said:

"My father you will find very ill, I fear," made him glance again into her face to see if indeed his mother's words were not true, and on these slight young shoulders was not set a grey head.

But no! the face was young and exquisitely lovely.

The great blue eyes looked up at him piteously, the red lips quivered; but about her, spite of her, was an air of intense calm, as though she had nerved herself to suppress all signs of agitation, of grief.

Silently she led the way into the room where the sick man lay.

He had taken a heavy cold, and had been suddenly seized with acute rheumatism, in close proximity to the vital parts.

Instantly Dr. Crindle's professional eye saw that the case was well-nigh hopeless.

He forgot his fatigue, his annoyance, as he struggled with all his skill to battle the grim enemy, but in vain.

As the morning sun came creeping into the room, a long low wail welcomed it from that dimly-lighted chamber where a dead man lay.

The doctor lifted in his arms the slight unconscious form which had stood by his side so bravely through all these long hours and bore it from the place.

On her own bed he laid the girl, then almost reluctantly went to work to bring her back to a sense of the reality of her suffering.

Her swoon was long, but when at last the blue eyes unclosed she made a sudden effort to rise, as though conscious that she was needed elsewhere; then with a shudder came the recollection that her father could never need or miss her more, and with a suppressed cry of pain, she fell back on her pillows.

A week passed.

The grave had received its own; the house was silent and gloomy.

Eva took little note of anything, save that a kind, motherly face was constantly beside her, and that many times a day someone entered her room who brought with him an atmosphere of strength and rest.

She grew to look for his coming, and to sink back into the old apathy when he had gone; but she could not have told whether he was young or old, or described his face or form.

Yet it was this which made her look upon Doctor Crindle and his mother as old tried friends.

When the mists scattered at last, and she knew that she must take up her young life again, with this newly laid burden resting in all its weariness upon it, it was to these friends she looked for advice—to them she detailed her father's plans.

"He intended to send Arthur to school," she said, with a dry sob. "I still think it best; but I shall be very lonely with only Harry and Will in this great house. Papa always said our means would be independent, and I suppose they are."

And so they proved, and so they carried out his plans.

Eva remained in the big lonely house, keeping with her the two boys, eight and ten, and letting Arthur go, as proposed, to school.

But she was not lonely as she had feared.

Her next-door neighbors prevented that.

"Come in and read to me for an hour or two now and then, my dear," Mrs. Crindle had said.

And when the girl had come, she would not let her go, and in the evenings they would come to her or make her come to them.

"What should I have done but for you?" she said one day to Mrs. Crindle. "You have been like an own dear mother to me."

And Mrs. Crindle listened half in pleasure, half in pain.

"Perhaps," she thought. "I might have been her mother had not Clay already selected for me a daughter."

Strange this was the only subject on which the little party had not touched.

Clay's engagement had been for so long so intangible a thing that they had grown to dwell upon it as little as possible.

It was like touching a sore, as that Eva, with her young heart already throwing off its burden of grief in a new sweet joy—to which she gave no name, or stopped indeed to know that it existed—little dreamed of the misery in store for her.

Nor did Clay think more than she.

He called himself a brother to the lonely orphaned girl.

He wrote Marjorie long accounts of her—how he hoped one day they would be friends.

Yet, when he knew that day was about to dawn, he shrank back, and knew not why.

The knowledge came with the announcement from Marjorie that she was coming home sooner than she had hoped, and in the early May would pay a visit to his mother.

In May! and April was half gone.

The snow had long melted, but he and Eva still had their frequent rides.

He had an engagement with her on the afternoon that he received the letter.

As they were driving along beneath the shadow of the elms, he drew it from his pocket.

"Eva," he said, "you have been my friend so long that I am going to bespeak your friendship for some one very dear to me. This letter is from my future wife. Will you read it?"

A great wave of color surged to her face; her very heart seemed to stop its beating as she stretched out one little icy hand to take it from him.

Silently she read it through, then folded and held it out for him to take again.

"I am very glad for you," she said, in a quiet measured tone.

Then their eyes met, and each read down, down into the other's soul.

"Heaven help us both!" said the man, and turned the horses' heads homeward.

* * * * * *

Three weeks later Miss Markham arrived. She was a tall queenly woman, of somewhat majestic stature, and a charm of manner which attracted all who came within its scope.

"No wonder that he loved her," thought Eva, as they met; "and—and—if his heart did turn to me for a little minute, she soon will win it back again."

But the human heart is a strange anomaly and in these days Miss Markham watched her lover with strange penetration.

His letters had been filled with Eva. He now rarely mentioned her name, and the hours when the two girls were together he absented himself as much as he could.

Yet, with almost feverish eagerness, he urged upon Marjorie, as her stay was drawing to an end, to consent to their speedy marriage.

She listened in silence, then looked up into the pale excited face with a little laugh.

"Don't be foolish, Clay," she said. "I have wanted to tell you, dear, ever since I came down, that I thought it very foolish of us both to cling to a sentiment time has worn out. You see, I have been away so much, so long separated from you"—there was a little choke in her voice here, but his dull eye did not notice it—"that I don't feel quite the same, and—and—I think I've guessed your secret too, Clay, and so it makes the telling easier."

A great light came into his face, but she turned away as though it hurt her, and for an instant a heavy anguish crept into her brave eyes.

"You have guessed my secret?" he repeated after her. "You no longer love me?"

"If I loved, could I give you up, do you think?" she answered. "No, no, Clay, I'll go back to the old blind father who needs me.

"But now and then, when I need a little rest, you and Eva will let me come to you, will you not?"

"Heaven bless you!" he said.

And raising her hand he pressed his lips with fervent passion upon it.

She smiled.

It was the first time his lips had touched her with such fire.

"Don't say anything till I am gone," she whispered. "It may seem strange to her."

And man-like he never guessed that a deeper reason lay beneath.

Never guessed that her own wound was as yet deep to see her rival win the happiness she had lost.

Never guessed that as a week later she bade him her calm "Good-bye!" her pillow the night before had been deluged with scalding tears, and her soul cried out in rebellious misery against the livelong loneliness to which she had decreed it.

But Eva, with her keener woman-vision, as she offered up to Heaven her thanksgiving for the wonderful joy which had so strangely come to her, did not forget to pray for the noble heart who had sown in tears what she had reaped in glorious happiness.

Three Days.

BY C. R. C.

EMORY! Letters!" shouted the postman, shaking a rickety old iron gate and bringing a shower of snow down from the top upon his shoulders.

"Emory!" he repeated, raising his voice, and this time it penetrated to the kitchen, where a shivering old woman was shaking a table cloth.

"Bless me!" she cried, speaking aloud in her amazement; "letters! He says Emory, that's sure! Who can be writing to Mr. Emory?" she muttered, shuffling along the wide hall to the front door.

"Don't shake the gate down!" she shouted to the impatient postman. "I'll be there as soon as I can."

She struggled to the gate, and took the letter thrust between the bars.

"Happy New Year!" said the postman, cheerily, with a pitying glance at her poor clothing and wrinkled face.

"Same to you, and thank you!" she answered, but in an abstracted way, her mind being evidently absorbed in the letter.

"If it should be Mr. Harry or Miss Kate!" she thought, her withered cheeks burning at the exciting possibility.

"Oh, if they were coming home!"

She fought her way through the keen January wind back to the house, turning the letter over and over in her hand.

Scarcely waiting to shake the snow from her feet and skirts, she hurried to the door of a room upon the lower floor, and knocked.

There was no answer, and she waited, fidgeting with her coarse apron, her hands trembling with excitement, and her eyes full of a hungry expectancy, as they read again and again the direction of the letter, to "Mr. Henry Emory."

Yet there was a shrinking, too, in her manner, and a timidity in her face, as, after knocking a second time unanswered, she gently turned the handle of the door, and pushed it open, revealing a library well stocked with books, and once handsomely furnished, though everything was old and neglected.

Dust lay thickly everywhere, excepting at a large, business-like desk, where the occupant of the room was writing rapidly, and with close attention to the matter in hand.

He did not look like a man to be rashly interrupted.

He was old, with iron-gray hair, heavy eyebrows, and a frowning forehead, whose wrinkles seemed caused as much by ill-temper as by age.

He had been a handsome man once, but his shabby old dressing-gown, his frayed and soiled linen, broken slippers, and ragged stockings, told a story of neglect, that accorded ill with the delicate features and haughty curve of the tightly compressed lips.

"Well, what is it?" he said, sharply, as the old servant made a slight noise to attract his attention.

"A letter, sir."

He took it from her, the frown deepening on his face, opened it, and read it with angry eyes and trembling fingers.

"What are you standing there for?" he said, looking up to see the old woman watching him.

"Oh, Mr. Emory! I thought it might be from Mr. Harry, or——"

"How dare you mention Mr. Harry to me?" he thundered.

"Or Miss Kate," she said, shrinking, but persistently.

"Miss Kate is dead!" he said.

"The letter is from Mrs. George Holbrooke,"—with a sarcastic emphasis on the name—"or Miss Kate, if you choose; and her daughter is to be sent to me—to me, to be cared for. It is too late now to write. This is the doctor's addition to my affectionate niece's letter. Listen—

"Mrs. Holbrooke was buried to-day, and, in accordance with her last wishes, her daughter will start at once for Marston."

"Put her somewhere for a night."

"Oh, Mr. Emory!" pleaded the old woman.

"This is not the workhouse! I do not propose to take in paupers. Go about your work."

"Oh, Mr. Emory! Miss Kate's daughter! You can't turn her out! And poor Miss Kate dead! Oh, dear! oh dear!"

And here the weak, quivering voice broke in sobs.

"Go!" the master cried.

She was preparing a room for the expected guest, when a cab drove to the door, trunks were bumped down, and a light step crossed the front hall, the door standing open.

With a hushed breath she listened, hearing a low, sweet voice, and then a loud one sneering and cold.

Not many words were exchanged before the light footfall came up the stairs, and then the girlish voice she had heard cried, "Barbara, where are you?"

"Here, dearie, here!" she answered, bustling to the door.

"Oh, my dearie!" she cried; "come in and rest."

A slight girlish figure, clad in deep mourning, crossed the hall, and then, removing hat and veil, Kate Holbrooke stood looking about her.

She was not more than seventeen, with a face that, in spite of recent sorrow, told of a brave, bright nature.

Large frank brown eyes, clear and resolute, were shaded by long brown lashes, while over the low broad brow clustered rings of sunny brown hair, just escaping auburn.

The sweet mouth was adorned by pearly white teeth, and the features, if not faultless, were good, while a bright, fair complexion lent a charm to all.

"Barbara!" she said, her lips quivering. "My mother told me I would surely find a friend in you."

"Oh, dearie, yes! I loved your mother, and you are like her. Is your name Kate, dearie?"

"Yes; Kate Emory Holbrooke!"

"Another Miss Kate! But—can you stay?"

"I must stay!"—with a bright gleam of the clear brown eyes. "My mother sent me to pay her debt."

"Child, what can you mean?"

"She told me," said the girl, softly, her eyes full of yearning tenderness, "that her uncle took her a babe from her dying mother, who was his brother's widow. That he brought her to a home that was beautiful, luxurious, and hospitable."

Here the speaker looked around her and shuddered.

"That he gave her a father's love, a father's care, lavishing upon her all a girl's heart could desire."

"So he did!—so he did! She was as happy as the day was long. Ah, me! ah, me!"

"She told me that he would have made her his daughter in fact, by marrying her to his only son, who was but a few years older than herself. But my mother loved one of the many visitors who came here; and when her uncle, in furious rage, sent him away, she followed and married him."

"Yes, dearie; yes."

"Then her cousin, who had loved her, offended his father."

"Hush, dearie! Never speak of that! It is nearly thirty years since Mr. Harry left home, but his father will not hear his name."

"My mother told me that after repaying his love by ingratitude, she tried for many years to win forgiveness, but her uncle never forgave her."

"But she was happy, dearie?"

"While my father lived she was happy; but after he died sorrow after sorrow came. I am the youngest of six children, Barbara, and all my brothers and my only sister are dead. We were very poor—very, very poor, too! But as soon as I was old enough my mother told me if she died I must come here, and try to repay my uncle for the care he gave her. She heard that he had lost his property, all but the old house."

"I think he is very poor, dearie!"

"And that he had shut himself up after his son left him, and lived in wretched poverty and loneliness!"

"Oh, yes! Your mother would never know her old home, Miss Kate. I've seen the time when every room on this floor, and those above, fourteen bedrooms, dearie,

were filled with company. Mr. Harry would have his city friends, and Miss Kate hers, and music from morning till night, and dancing, and boating, and every kind of pleasure. And not one of the young people brighter than Mr. Emory.' And to see him now! Oh, dearie, it's a poor home for a young girl now."

Kate sighed heavily.

Her reception had certainly not been cordial. Mr. Emory, scowling at her, had said—

"So you are another pauper sent to me, are you? I suppose you will serve me as your mother did! You'll fare no better here than if you go to the workhouse, where you belong. I have no money now to waste!"

And dolefully true the poor girl found his words.

The most rigid parsimony governed the household, where the line was drawn with the narrowest margin inside of actual starvation.

Mr. Emory took his meals in the library, and told Kate to "eat where she pleased!"

Kate selected a small room on the lower floor, which she made clean and bright, hoping in time to win her uncle from his solitude to share her meals.

But her efforts to brighten the house and life were met by stern resistance.

She made some little ornaments for the library, which were thrown into the hall.

She put the early spring wild flowers, violets, and snowdrops upon the grim desk, and they were tossed, vase and all, into the garden.

She worked faithfully to reduce some of the disorder in the house to cleanliness, and met only frowns.

She mended her uncle's clothing when Barbara brought it from the ironing table, and even ventured to repair what hung in the closet.

No objection being made, she went a step further, and gave the bedroom a thorough cleaning, to be asked, sarcastically, "If the house was not large enough for its owner to have one room in peace."

Little dainty dishes, made of such poor material as she could command, and put upon her uncle's tray, were sent back to the kitchen with a rough command, to avoid "wasteful extravagance."

But when the weary months had left winter, spring, and summer behind them, and the autumn came, Kate asked her uncle's permission to seek employment.

Being harshly told to "go where she liked, and do as she pleased," she applied for and obtained a vacant position as a teacher in the Marston school.

There was no salary to begin with, but there was the hope of a regular teacher's position when further proficiency was attained.

Fully awake to the fact that her own exertions must win her support, Kate studied faithfully, hammering away at German and French, practising diligently upon a piano very much the less for long neglect, and in the intervals trying to make the old house something home-like in the occupied rooms.

It was wonderful to see the change mere cleanliness made.

Rich furniture falling to decay was polished up, and moth-eaten velvet covered with chintz that, if faded, was at least clean.

The little breakfast room was brightened up, and every meal tastefully served; for there were stores of silverware, glass, and china, with the finest of table linen, put aside.

Every day, in spite of sarcasm, rebuff, downright insult, Kate went to the library before meals to ask her uncle to share her repasts, and for an hour in the afternoon to try and interest him in something outside of his books.

It was very hard work to talk brightly of her school duties, of the children, of the village gossip the other teachers brought, of the thousand little incidents of daily life, with only that stern, hard face, utterly irresponsive, before her, and occasionally a rude or sarcastic speech about "women's chatter" to answer her.

But it was some gain that after a time she was not asked every five minutes if she was not ready to leave the room.

Before the long, bitter winter was over, Kate had gained two points; she had coaxed her uncle to eat with her, and obtained permission to study in the library.

She was soon sure that it was not any annoyance to her uncle to help her over the knotty places that all students meet.

He would come out of his shell to read German passages to her, throwing light upon her difficulties by his emphasis of certain words or syllables.

As her knowledge increased, he offered her the use of books, and gave her valuable aid in whatever she undertook.

But she was never unprepared for an abrupt change of manner, a sneering inquiry as to what she expected to gain by wheedling a pauper, or some cutting sarcasm about strong-minded women infringing upon masculine studies. One thing he spared her; he never mentioned her mother.

Trifles proved to her that she was gaining something.

One afternoon she found that the piano had been tuned; another day she found a fifty dollar bill upon her dressing-table, without note or word.

So another year passed, and there came to the school a teacher of drawing, Elliot Gresham by name, an artist unknown to fame, some twenty-three or four years of age.

Before long Kate Holbrooke knew what a new happiness lay before her—a new hope—a clear, bright future of love, though in all else the way was dark enough.

Sympathy was the first bond.

Mr. Graham supported an invalid father, crippled years before by a railroad accident, and to Kate he confided much of his sorrow for the hopeless suffering he was compelled to witness.

It was not long before Kate was a welcome visitor at the tiny village where the cripple lived, and her bright, cheery face and voice brought comfort to the lonely, suffering life.

It gave him evidently a new happiness to see his son and Kate sharing work and pleasure, and his hopeful words were in strong contrast to Mr. Emory's sarcasms upon the "two paupers" in love.

Day after day they met, and the long evenings that had dragged so heavily sped away on rosy wings.

It was an uneventful courtship, both Elliot and Kate recognizing the fact that common prudence must make the engagement a long one.

Elliot's salary barely sufficed for his own support and that of his father, and the great pictures that were to win him fame and fortune existed as yet only in his brain.

It was happiness enough for Kate to know herself beloved, to share in the dreams and hopes of the artist lover, to build magnificent air-castles, even if a laugh scattered them.

She was a favorite with old Mr. Graham, and he talked with her very often of her home-life and its difficulties, always encouraging her to persevere in her efforts to "pay her mother's debt."

He was always sad when he talked to her of her uncle, but this she attributed to the fact that he felt his own helplessness and dependence upon his son keenly, and drew mental comparisons between his own life, lonely and secluded, but surrounded by love, and that of the surly old man, left alone in old age by those who owed him the happiness of their youth.

Another year sped away, and the change in Mr. Emory saddened Kate's heart. He no longer shut himself in his library, but could be coaxed into the garden on fine days; he graciously allowed Kate to use her needle in his service, grudgingly giving her the price of material for new linen, and smiling kindly as the new set of shirts and underclothing was shyly left in his room.

"Can the child love me? She stays with me, but Elliot is too poor to take a wife. No, no! Don't be a fool again, Henry, Emory! She would leave you to-morrow, if her lover asked her."

So his thoughts ran; but suddenly he cried—

"I'll test her! I'll test her love!"

Winter was coming on, when Kate received from a city bank an official notice that five thousand dollars had been placed to her account by an old friend of her mother's.

Five thousand dollars! It fairly took her breath away.

Never in her wildest dreams had she thought of possessing such wealth.

No clue to the generous donor was given, but Kate and Barbara took a trip to the city, to be sure the good news was true.

Mr. Emory was fiercely sarcastic.

"I wish you joy of it!" he sneered. "Your head is fairly turned already. I suppose now you will marry that beggarly drawing teacher?"

"Yes, uncle," Kate said, blushing vividly. "We are to be married New Year's Day, if you are willing."

"What have I to do with it? You are old enough and rich enough to do as you please. I never expected you to stay here, if a better home was offered to you."

New Year's Day dawned bright and sunny. Just before the breakfast hour Barbara knocked at Emory's door, and thrust in a large parcel.

Upon the top was a note to—

"DEAR UNCLE,—

"To-day is the anniversary of my coming here, and my wedding-day. Will you accept this as my New Year's gift, and wear it to church this morning, where I earnestly hope you will take my father's place at my marriage? The tailor had the old dress suit in your closet, so I hope this one will fit. May the New Year bring you love and happiness.

"KATE."

Two large drops fell upon the open paper as Mr. Emory lifted it to his lips. Then, as if ashamed of his weakness, he tossed it aside, muttering—

"As well see the farce out!"

Opening the large parcel, he took out the suit and dressed himself carefully, muttering, half aloud—

"So I am to be the father on this happy occasion!"

As he spoke a spasm of pain crossed his face, his pale lips twitched, and he almost groaned the word—

"My son! oh, my son!"

But all traces of emotion had left him when he greeted Kate with a half sarcastic compliment upon her bridal appearance.

It was very simple, a soft white cashmere and a bonnet of white silk, the whole costume the work of the bride's deft fingers.

It was a quiet wedding, and Mr. Emory was equal to the occasion, looking handsome and dignified in his new suit, with snowy linen and faultlessly-fitting gloves.

"You will dine with us?" Elliot asked, turning to Mr. Emory, as a hired carriage drove up to the gate of the churchyard.

Mr. Emory hesitated, but Kate put her hand gently upon his arm.

"You cannot refuse on my wedding-day," she pleaded, lifting soft, wistful eyes to his.

He shrugged his shoulders, but handed her into the carriage with courteous grace, and half-reluctantly followed her.

At the door of her new home she nodded to Elliot, and then slipped her arm through her uncle's, led him across the hall to a room opposite to her sitting-room.

One glance showed him that the furniture and books of his own library were before him, though the pretty carpet and curtains were new, and a cosy arm-chair and wide lounge had been added.

"I thought," said Kate, opening the door of a communicating room, "that you would feel more at home, uncle, with your own surroundings, so I have had your bedroom furniture put in here. Elliot and I think these are very bright, pleasant rooms, and you will only have the entry to cross to be in the drawing-room or the dining-room. You can be as quiet here as you wish, and I am sure it will be healthier for you than the gloomy rooms at your house. The sun lies on one or other of these rooms all day long."

"You want me to live here?" he said, slowly.

"You! Oh, please do not disappoint me! I will do all a daughter can do to make you happy; and you will have Barbara, who knows all your ways. You will not go back to that great, gloomy house alone?"

"But your husband?"

"His father is here, too, in the room above these. He cannot walk, but I promised you would see him."

She led the way, taking his consent to remain granted.

As she entered the drawing-room where Mr. Graham was seated in his wheeled chair, he turned his head away; but presently she saw him look up and cry—

"Father, father!—say that you forgive me!"

There was a deep sob—a broken voice saying, "My son! my son!"

And Kate stole away, leaving them together; and she found her husband awaiting her.

"Why did you not tell me?" she asked.

"Tell you what, love?"

"That my uncle is your grandfather."

"You are dreaming!" he cried.

And seeing him fairly bewildered, she told him the scene she had just witnessed.

"I never guessed it," he said. "I have often heard my father speak of his life-long remorse for some wrong done to a most loving father, and I suspected the name we use was not our own. But I never knew more than that he accused himself of having ruined his father, and offended past forgiveness."

There was no further question of Mr. Emory's remaining, and if Elliot and Kate were apt to seek moments alone for loving confidence, neither Mr. Emory or his newly-found son could complain, as they were never weary of being together, living over the weary years of separation.

Indeed, Elliot was quite sure that his grandfather had "burned his ship," and sold the old home, as it was full of workmen, house and grounds being thoroughly put in order.

Just before the New Year came round again, a tiny claimant for love appeared at the cottage.

Mr. Emory, who seemed to have renewed his youth in that happy year, invited the family at breakfast to take a drive.

Skilful surgery and care had so far aided the cripple that he could move about on crutches, and with his son's assistance he took his place in a handsome carriage that in the early morning drove up to the cottage door.

"It looks like a private carriage!" Kate said, as she took her place; "but where is Uncle Henry?"

"He left word to start, and he would join us."

Evidently the coachman had his orders, for he drove through the iron gateway, whose gate, no longer rickety, but tall and imposing, was thrown wide open, not churlishly closed, as on that momentous New Year's Day when Barbara took the letter thrust through the bars.

Up the wide carriage-way they drove to the door of the stately mansion that Harry Emory recognized as his boyhood's home, but that Kate thought the fairies must have transformed.

In the hall, smiling and gracious, stood Mr. Emory, both hands extended in greeting.

"Welcome home!" he cried. "A happy New Year to you all!"

Still bewildered, doubting the evidence of her own senses, Kate, clasping her baby close, followed her uncle into a parlor, no longer a vast, dreary room, presenting a spectacle of waste, neglect, and decay, but richly and appropriately furnished.

Here Barbara took off her wraps, and carried off the baby; and when they were cosily settled, Henry Emory furnished the key to the bewildering riddle.

"Once more, welcome home!" he cried.

Then his son spoke, low and tremulously—

"I did not ruin you, then, father?"

"For a time you did," was the grave reply; "and you dried up all the fountains of love and faith in my heart. Then I made a bitter vow to retrieve my fallen fortunes, to win riches beyond those I had lost, and to have revenge upon those who had deserted me, by leaving an enormous sum to public charities. For this I saved and worked, carefully studying investments and speculations, and succeeding beyond my wildest hope. Self-denial became habitual, and I was becoming a miser in all senses when my good angel came to me. Not in one day was the crust of revenge and parsimony melted, not easily was confidence in human love restored. Very patiently my household blessing worked to win an old heart back to love and happiness; but she never faltered, never failed. Now I may perhaps repay her, if she can be happy in her mother's old home."

There was a moment of silence, and he added—

"I do not fear to place wealth in your little hands, Kate, for they will use it well. So, my children,"—and here he raised his voice cheerily, for there were signs of deep emotion on the faces before him—"a happy New Year!"

And the voices he loved repeated, heartily, "A happy New Year!"

FROM HIS POINT OF VIEW.—She is lovely, nay, beautiful, of course. Adoniram must show his taste in female charms in her selection; but when she goes out alone she discreetly wears two veils, that the eyes of other men may not rest upon her. She has no knowledge that any other man exists, unless her attention is called to the matter, and then she expresses her utter indifference to the fact.

And though Adoniram may be cross-eyed freckled, and narrow-chested, she would not hesitate a moment were the question put to her: "Which is the handsomer, Adoniram or the Apollo Belvidere?" she would answer, "Adoniram," at once.

At a party she sits quite still in the corner, unless he chooses to talk to her; and she does not grow jealous even if he flirts. She knows that "man's love is of his life a thing apart; 'tis woman's sole existence."

So she adores him even when he turns his back on her, and does not know that she was not taken down to supper by anybody, and was left stranded in her solitary corner of the deserted front parlor.

She knows that she herself is nothing but the other half of Adoniram's soul—has he not told her so?—and behaves accordingly.

She declines to dance, even in a quadrille, with her handsome cousin, but she tells Adoniram gently how superbly he waltzes with the Widow Wicket, and says she loves to watch them and think he is all her own; and she is content if he comes to see her every Sunday evening, when there is no fun going on anywhere, and sits in the big arm-chair, and wonders when her grandfather Saveup is going to die and leave her his money so they can marry, or tells her how pretty the Pepper girls are, and that he could have any one of them for the asking.

M. S.

SMUGGLERS' TRICKS.—A droll story is told about an employe of the Paris octroi, who, while walking in the city met a very thin gentleman whose face seemed to be familiar to him, but as that of a very fat gentleman. On Thursday morning, being on duty [illegible] the octroi barriers, the official became aware of the gentleman with the familiar face, but who had once more become corpulent as to figure, coming along the road in the direction of Paris. When he reached the gate he was stopped by the officers of the octroi, and "invited" to explain why he had been emaciated on Wednesday and obese on Thursday. The transformed individual tried to run away, but he was pursued, arrested, and relieved of an india-rubber waistcoat containing about twenty quarts of spirits which he was endeavoring to smuggle into Paris. The incident is highly comic one, but it may be also interesting to know that the gentleman with the india-rubber waistcoat is a very old [illegible] ner" at the Paris octroi barriers and [illegible] is generally towards the middle of [illegible] ber, before the reopening of the Ch[illegible] and the return of the fashionable from the watering-places, and when [illegible] thing is desperately dull, that the [illegible] man with the india-rubber waistcoat with alcohol makes his appearance, supposed to be own brother to the res[illegible] ble working man who breaks his le[illegible] outside the barrier, and is being c[illegible] through the gate on a mattress on his [illegible] to the hospital, when the douaniers pro[illegible] mattress with their spikes, and rippi[illegible] up, discover it to be stuffed quails and [illegible] lans destined for the city markets. A[illegible] he had a baby nephew once whose rema[illegible] were not found in a child's coffin, otherw[illegible] full of Lyons saussage and Strasburg pie.

MUTABILITY OF FORTUNE.—A young lady, native of Martinique and a creole, was on a voyage to France, with the design of being educated there, when the merchant vessel on board of which she was passenger, was captured by an Algerine cruiser, and carried into Algiers. The fair captive was at first overwhelmed with affliction at the prospect of captivity before her; but as passion gave way to meditation, it came to her recollection that an old negress had predicted that she would one day become one of the greatest princesses in the world. "Ah!" exclaimed she, for superstition was in this instance but the handmaid of inclination, "it is doubtless so, I am to be a princess. Well, I must not quarrel with fortune—who knows what may come out of this?" So strong did this prepossession grow upon the young lady, that ere she reached the Barbary shore she was as much a fatalist in point of resignation as any devotee of Islamism could possibly be. The French consul at Algiers immediately offered to ransom his countrywoman; but no—the fair creole would not be ransomed, for fear of offending fortune by resorting to so vulgar a way of recovering her liberty. So to the seraglio of the Dey of Algiers the lady went; and strange indeed to tell, from his highness' seraglio she was sent as a present to the Sultan, who was so struck with her beauty and manners, (for in both she was excelling,) that he elevated her to the dignity of his fave to sultana! Such was the singular rise of the Sultana Valide, who died in the year 1818, and was the mother of one of the late Sultans.

New Publications.

"Rocky Fork," by Mary Hartwell Catherwood. The author of "Rocky Fork" has within the past three years made herself a place among American novelists. One cannot help being charmed with this story, which has for its principal character a motherless little girl, the daughter of a country doctor, who is brought up by humble relatives in the country until she is taken away by a rich aunt to be "finished" at a large boarding-school. The pictures drawn of life at Rocky Fork are of the most fascinating character, and the book is one which will be read with equal delight by young and old. Lothrop & Co., Boston, Publishers. Price $1.50.

"From Hand to Hand," a novel from the German of Golo Raimund, by Mrs. A. L. Wister. This is one of the very best of the many stories which this translator has given to the English-reading world. In point of plot, character-sketching description and other essentials it is of far more than average interest. The tale moves quickly, a not too common trait of German novels, and the accompanying incidents are thoroughly entrancing. No one has ever better succeeded in giving, as far as possible, the original flavor of a story than Mrs. Wistar, and in this work she has in no wise faltered. Beautifully printed and bound in cloth, $1.50. Lippincott & Co., Publishers.

MAGAZINES.

Arthur's Illustrated Home Magazine for June contains the usual amount of excellent matter. It is rich in all respects, but in household matters it is particularly to be commended. $2.00 a year. Arthur & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia.

Lippincott's Magazine, for June, opens with an interesting and well-illustrated article on Toledo, by S. P. Scott. Dr. Felix L. Oswald has an entertaining paper on Traps, which is also illustrated. William H. Rideing gives an account, enlivened with anecdotes, of English Lawyers and Law-Courts, and Lucy H. Hooper summarizes the recently published recollections of a French comedian, Samson, who was a pupil of Talma and the teacher of Rachel. Art and Art-Life in New York, by an anonymous writer, is a lively sketch on art societies, studios, exhibitions, and receptions. On the Wheel, by Kol Kron, treats on traveling by bicycle, and the fiction in this number merits particular notice. The conclusion of Stephen Guthrie is extremely well managed, and has novelty as well as charm. An Absent-Minded Hero, by Celia P. Woolley, is an unusually well-written story true to life, and as pleasant as it is interesting. The Romance of a Coffin, by Jane G. Austin, embraces in a spirited manner and with strong local coloring, a family tradition of Old Nantucket, and A Strange Night's Lodging, by Hart Aynault, deals with incidents which, if not very probable, are vividly told. There are several poems, and the usual complement and variety of papers in the editorial department. A new serial, entitled Fairy Gold, will commence in the July number and run through the rest of the year. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Publishers.

The Sanitarian, for May, gives the conclusion of Dr. T. J. Turner's paper on National and International Sanitary Jurisprudence. The Dangers of Impure Ice, The State Regulations for the Prevention, and the Sanitary Results of the Contagious Diseases Acts in England; The Sanitary Council of the Mississippi Valley; State Boards of Health, The Vital Statistics of Immigration, Mortality Statistics and Prevailing Diseases, etc. etc. A. N. Bell, Publisher, New York.

The North American Review for June. Senator W. B. Allison has a paper on The Currency of the Future, in which he indicates the measures that will have to be taken by Congress for insuring a stable currency after the national debt has been extinguished. A Memorandum at a Venture, by Walt Whitman, is an explanation of his purpose and point of view in trenching upon topics not usually regarded as amenable to literary treatment. Andover and Creed Subscription, by Rev. Dr. Leonard Woolsey Bacon, is a philosophical review of the present state of dogmatic belief in the churches. Hon. George F. Seward, late minister to China, has an article entitled Mongolian Immigration. Dr. John W. Dowling comes to the defence of the Hahnemannic School of Medicine. O. B. Frothingham has a sympathetic article on Swedenborg. Not the least important paper is one entitled "Has Land a Value? Finally, Charles F. Lydecker essays to prove that a National Militia is a constitutional impossibility. The North American Review, New York.

THOSE of our readers who have not yet sent for a cake of *Frank Siddalls* had better before the town. The have an it is in its

—WAR. WAR.—

WAR ON THE WASH-BOILER. WAR ON FILTHY FUMES OF STEAM.

A GOD-SEND TO OVERWORKED HOUSEKEEPERS and SERVANT-GIRLS.

EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS HAS ATTENDED THE INTRODUCTION OF

The Frank Siddalls Soap

IT HAS MADE A DOMESTIC REVOLUTION IN THOUSANDS OF HOMES.

IT HAS BEEN DECLARED by EDITORS and HOUSEKEEPERS to be one of the MOST WONDERFUL DISCOVERIES of our Time,

And the "POST" now has the pleasure of telling its readers about its being a Labor-saving Invention, destined to afford wonderful relief to over-worked women and servant-girls. It is as necessary to the comfort of the Rich as of the Poor. *The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes* is better and easier than the old way, and it will answer both for the finest laces and garments and the coarser clothing of the laboring-classes. It is a cheap Soap to use, and a few minutes' time on the part of a Housekeeper of ordinary intelligence is all that is necessary to show the washwoman how to use it, and every Housekeeper should insist on its being used *one time* EXACTLY BY THE DIRECTIONS.

THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP and THE FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES never fails when the Soap falls into the hands of a person of Refinement, Intelligence and Honor.

HOW TO TELL A PERSON OF REFINEMENT.
A person of Refinement will be glad to adopt an easy, clean, neat way of washing clothes, in place of the old, hard, sloppy, filthy way.

HOW TO TELL A PERSON OF INTELLIGENCE.
A person of Intelligence will have no difficulty in following directions which are so easy that a child could understand them.

HOW TO TELL A PERSON OF HONOR.
A person of Honor will scorn to do so mean a thing as to send for an article and then not follow the directions so strongly insisted on.

HOW TO TELL A SENSIBLE PERSON.
A sensible person will not get mad when new and improved ways are brought to their notice, but will feel thankful that their attention has been directed to better methods.

JUST THINK! NO STEAM TO SPOIL THE FURNITURE AND WALL-PAPER!

DONT FORGET TO TRY THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP FOR THE TOILET, THE BATH, AND FOR SHAVING. It agrees with the skin of the most delicate infant, and infants washed in this way will not get prickly heat and eruptions and sores, which other soap often causes. EVEN A PERSON OF ORDINARY INTELLIGENCE WILL KNOW FOR CERTAIN that the long-continued use of a Soap that is excellent for washing children CANNOT POSSIBLY INJURE THE MOST DELICATE ARTICLE WASHED WITH IT, no matter how quickly it may remove dirt.

And remember, this Advertisement would not be inserted in this Paper if there was any humbug about it.

HOW A LADY CAN GET THE SOAP TO TRY, where it is not Sold at the Stores.

1st.—Send 10 Cents in Money or Stamps.
2d.—Say in her letter she saw the advertisement in the "POST"
3d.—Promise that the Soap shall be used THE FIRST WASH-DAY after she gets it; that it shall be used ON THE WHOLE WASH, and that ALL THE DIRECTIONS, even the most trifling, shall be followed.

Make your Promise VERY PLAIN, or the Soap will NOT be sent.

Those who send for a Cake must NOT send for any for their friends. Let each family who want the Soap send for themselves.

Now by return mail a full-size 10-cent Cake of Soap will be sent, POSTAGE PREPAID. It will be put in a neat iron box, so as to make it carry safely, and 15 cents in postage-stamps have to be put on. This is done because it is believed to be a cheaper way to introduce it than to send salesmen out to sell to the Stores.

Of course, only one Cake will be sent to each person, but after trying it the Stores will then send for it to accommodate you, if you want it.

THE FRANK SIDDALLS IMPROVED WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

EASY AND LADYLIKE; SENSIBLE PERSONS FOLLOW THESE RULES EXACTLY, OR DONT BUY THE SOAP.

The Soap washes freely in Hard Water. Dont use Soda or Lye. Dont use Borax or Ammonia. Dont use any thing but THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP. It answers for the Finest Laces, Calico, Lawns, Blankets, Flannels, etc., and also for soiled clothing of Butchers, Blacksmiths, Mill Hands and Farmers.

A WASHBOILER MUST NOT BE USED; NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER.

Heat the wash-water in the tea-kettle; the wash water should only be lukewarm, and consequently a tea-kettle will answer for even a large wash. *Be sure to try the tea-kettle the first time, no matter how odd it may seem.* A wash-boiler standing unused several days at a time will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, in spite of the most careful housekeeper, which injures some delicate ingredients that are in the Soap. Wash the white flannels with the other white pieces.

The less water that the clothes are put to soak in the better will be the result with The Frank Siddalls Soap.

FIRST.—Dip one of the articles to be washed in the tub of water. Draw it out on the washboard and rub on the Soap lightly, not missing any soiled places. Then roll the article in a tight roll, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, and lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and so on until all the pieces have the Soap rubbed on them and are rolled up. Then go away for twenty minutes to one hour, *and let the Soap do its work.*

NEXT.—After soaking the first time commence by rubbing the clothes lightly on the washboard, and all the dirt will drop out; turn the clothes inside out so as to get at the seams, but DONT use any more Soap; DONT scald or boil a single piece, or they will turn yellow; and DONT wash through TWO suds. If the wash-water gets entirely too dirty, dip some out and add a little clean water. All dirt can be readily got out in ONE suds. Any time the wash-water gets too cool to be comfortable, add enough water out of the tea-kettle to warm it.

NEXT comes the rinsing—which is also to be done in lukewarm water, and is for the purpose of getting the dirty suds out, and is done as follows: Wash each piece lightly on the washboard through the rinse-water, (without using any more Soap,) and see that all the dirty suds are got out. *Any smart housekeeper will know just how to do this.*

NEXT the blue-water, which can either be lukewarm or cold. Use scarcely any blueing, for this Soap takes the place of blueing. Stir a piece of the Soap in the blue-water until it gets decidedly soapy. Put the clothes through this soapy blue-water, wring them *and hang them out to dry without any more rinsing, and without scalding or boiling a single piece, no matter how soiled any of the pieces may be.*

Always make the blue-water soapy, *and the less blueing the better.* The clothes when dry will not smell of the Soap, but will smell as sweet as new, and will iron the easier, and will dry as white and sweet indoors as out in the air, and the clothes will look whiter the oftener they are washed this way. *Afterward wash the colored pieces and colored flannels the same way as the other pieces.*

The starched pieces are to be starched exactly the same way as usual, *except that a small piece of the Soap dissolved in the starch will improvement, and also makes the pieces iron much easier.*

Address all Letters: OFFICE OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP,
No. 718 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Our Young Folks.

SMUT'S RESCUE.

BY HENRY BRITT.

WE were down by the river, I, my brother Jack, my sisters, Alice, Annie, and little Bess.

A gipsy's cart—as we called the vehicle of any rovers—stood under the shelter of the elms, at a short distance from the stream.

It was nothing unusual; these itinerant folk often halted there in the retired spot, but a stone's throw from the direct road to Coleleton.

We scarcely heed the gipsy's cart, or the lean horse tethered hard by, and feeding greedily; for little Bess's eyes had espied some dark object in the water, and we all went hurrying on to the bridge to see what it was.

Here stood a swarthy-faced lad, of about Jack's age, gazing moodily into the water, where that tiny something was tossed here and there, and carried on by the swift current.

Down some way below were the flood-hatches, where a flour-mill was in full swing; we could hear the rush and roar of the water sweeping through them in their mad haste, as we stood on the bridge.

"Oh! it's a dear little black kitten," cried Bess, as we all peered down; and so it was; a panting, struggling mite, fighting, as only young things will fight for life.

Nay, her poor, little, pleading eyes were upturned to us, and her small red mouth opened with piteous cries of entreaty.

"Ay, little Nan's kitten, missie," said the swarthy-faced lad, a gloomy scowl on his brow.

"Is this some of your dirty work?" asked Jack.

"No, it isn't; and if it were it would be no business of yours.

Let her drown," was the return. The lad still scowled, but I saw his lips quiver.

"I'll not let her drown," cried impulsive Jack; and away he scudded along the river's bank.

"'Tis all along of uncle; she ate his sausage, and he tossed her in there," the strange lad informed us.

"And I'm glad she ate it, I be," he laughed—a wild, reckless laugh, at which I wondered.

But now Jack was trying to rescue her, grasping a branch of an overhanging tree, and bending out and out over the river, reaching down to her with a twig, if so be she would cling to it, or he could draw her in towards the bank, and so clutch her up.

The little thing was just clinging to the friendly twig, and we were drawing a deep breath of satisfaction, when, to our childish horror, Jack's hold gave away, the treacherous branch failed him, and down, down he went with a great splash into the water. We girls shrieked in our terror, and not without reason, with the waters roaring and clamoring, as they rushed on their swift course towards the flood-gates, but a short distance below.

"He shouldn't have let her drown," cried the swarthy lad, watching for the next act in the [illegible].

He was [illegible], but [illegible] beat about him bravely, the small [illegible] the whole, it was sport—only sport.

Poor little black pussy!—poor, poor Jack! they [illegible]

"Hold, be there ought to [illegible] minute," cried the stranger lad, who watched with us.

Ha! he had her up at last, a dripping mite, and would fain have [illegible] the friendly bank ere the current bore him on? but no, she only fell into the river again—they went drifting on towards the seething waterfall at the hatches.

"Nay, little missie, I'll not let him get drowned."

Now the stranger boy ran down along the bank, and dashed in to the rescue.

Jack's hand clutched the poor waif again, but, alas! the waters were too much for him, too much for [illegible] not rescuer, the [illegible] kitten held up a moment, and now going [illegible]

Now another actor came upon the scene, a tall rough man; and he dashed in below, near, dangerously near, the swirl above the hatches.

"You two simpletons! why didn't you let her be?" he roared, as he came within earshot, and we could see that his face was a dark, evil one, as he struck out towards the drowning lads with his giant strength. Jack he grasped by the shoulder, the other by the [illegible] of his head.

I know not how he did it, but he soon landed with them, muttering dark, evil words the while, and tossing them from him, away among the dancing buttercups. Jack's hand still held the black kitten. The tall man strode [illegible] towards the gipsy cart, making us [illegible] what we could for the [illegible] rescued.

Of course we [illegible] Jack, [illegible] with fright, stroking [illegible] the kitten, and eyeing our stranger friend half shyly, half curiously.

He soon rose, however, with a merry laugh.

"Ha, ha! that was a wetting, and no mistake," said he, turning to Jack, who still lay upon the ground. "Can ye walk, young sir?"

"Yes," returned Jack, rather [illegible]

"Then ye'd better go home, and get rigged out in dry clothes."

"And you?" [illegible] brother, looking at the tall stranger, [illegible] garments.

"Ha, ha! I shall get dry as I got wet, I'm used to it, young. But will ye keep the kitten?"

"Yes, we shall keep her," I answered, in my eagerness.

"Then Nan'll be glad." He turned away.

I thought I saw tears in his eyes, but I was not sure. We called after him to stop, but he never even looked back.

Then we all went homeward, feeling very like children stepped out of a story-book. Our home lay half a mile away on the banks of this same stream, the old Moat House, where only a grandmother and one old servant lived with us.

Well, arrived there, grandmamma and Mary took Jack away to bed, while we attended to our newly-found treasure by the kitchen fire, where, wrapped in flannel and laid to rest in a hamper, she soon fell into a sound sleep.

Jack's nurses also left him in a peaceful slumber.

The house was strangely quiet all that long, long afternoon, till after sundown, when Jack was allowed to sit by the dining-room fire, wrapped in a blanket, and we brought in Smut—as we had already named her—to keep him company, still smug and warm in her hamper bed.

I had just given her a saucer of milk, and was laughing with the rest at her queer little invalid way of sitting up in her bed and looking around her, when Sarah, a handmaid of Mary's, came with the message that a ragged boy was on the porch, asking to see one of the young ladies.

"That's me," I said, with the importance of my eight years, and tripped away, knowing I should see our stranger friend of the morning.

"How's the young master?" he asked, standing in the moon lit porch.

"Better, thank you," said I. "How are you?"

"Ha, ha! that's good; I'm all right. Are ye going to keep the kitten?"

"Oh, yes! we shall keep her," I answered, feeling half shy, half amused at the gipsy boy.

"Little Nan bade me ask. Little Nan's my cripple sister, and lies days and days in the cart, and frets, and fumes, and has nobody to love her now, 'cept me."

"And this was her kitten?" I questioned, my heart yearning over this unknown Nan.

"Yes; but you keep her, she told me to say. And will ye come to-morrow, and let her see her kitten's new mistress?"

Go to the gipsy cart to see this unknown Nan!

The story-book feeling thrilled over me, and I promised to go.

"That's well," quoth the lad, and went away all down the moonlit walk.

I kept my visit a secret from everbody, and went alone.

I may have been wrong to go thus alone, but truly my heart throbbed and [illegible] with I know not what of right feeling and pity, sitting in the cart on the floor, by the side of the sick girl a ray of [illegible].

She told me of her path, her weariness, her weariness, her age just [illegible]; and [illegible] that was her brother—was just [illegible], ten years.

[illegible] and my hand for promising to be good to the kitten, and shed a torrent of tears at the thought of never seeing her [illegible].

"No uncle'll kill her," she sobbed when I offered to bring her back; "he said he would.

"And now I'll have no one to love me but Jem—no, no one." It wrung my heart to hear her sob so.

"You have Jesus to love you," said I, and in my girlish pity I told her of that good Friend of children, grown-up people, and all.

She lay silent a little [illegible] after I stopped speaking; the sweet afternoon sunshine stole into the cart and played over her wan face.

I hoped she understood what I had told her, but I did not know.

I left her with tears in my eyes, amid a golden halo of sunset light, and hard by the cart I met her dark, surly uncle.

"You are the little lady as lives along with two old women yonder, aren't ye?" he asked in his harsh tone, halting in front of me.

"No, they have men folk there too," spoke Jem's voice from behind the cart; but I, in my truthfulness, answered:

"No, we haven't; we live alone with grandmamma and Mary," although the lad nodded and winked at me, standing out of sight of his uncle behind the cart. I felt half afraid, and was glad to get away from them both.

And that night I heard a sound of confusion and cackling at the back of the house, where the fowls roosted, and upon which my window looked.

Curious that I was, I opened the old diamond-paned casement, and peered out. There in the moonlight was Nan's brother, I was sure it was he, and no other—hurrying stealthily along under the shadow of the [illegible] trees, a [illegible] bundle, a sack of [illegible], for I saw a fowl struggling in the night air for the widening stars.

On the morrow my beautiful black hen was missing, and the gipsy cart nowhere to be seen.

Then this Jem, Nan's brother, who had tried to save my brother, and whose sister I had visited, was a thief—could steal from those who had been friendly with him! I was bitterly disappointed in him—in Nan, if she knew.

Still we kept little Smut as a sort of reminder of the ignorant children who had crossed our path on the bleak March day, and so the summer bloomed itself away, [illegible] passed and spring smiled again.

[illegible] was [illegible] gipsy cart was [illegible] place again, and [illegible] the [illegible] for early one forenoon with [illegible]

"May I see the young lady?" I heard him, and stepped out. I knew his voice.

"Miss Mabel, Nan's dead, and we're burying her this morning; and she bade me say, if I ever see you again, that she thought, and thought, and talked to Jesus, till He took her to live with Him, 'cause she was so lonely."

The lad wiped his tears away with his smutty hand as he told me this in a boy's [illegible]

"Nan dead, and going to be buried?" Tears rushed to my own eyes.

"Yes. Will ye see the last of her? Come and see us put her in her grave," craved Jem, and he looked at me so pleadingly.

"Yes; I will come, I told him, and ran and put on my hat and cloak.

I told my sisters, and they accompanied me.

We all crowded round the grave, and wept our childish tears over poor Nan, whom Jesus had taken home from the old cart "because she was so lonely."

The sun shone then, but in the afternoon came a down-pouring of rain—drenching rain, which splashed against the window, and made the sullen mill-river murmur and roar.

Somehow, I chose to be alone, and stole away from the general chatter going on in the dining-room to sit in the drawing-room with little Smut.

I could but think of poor Nan, and the message which she had sent me.

Hark! what was that? Smut heard it, and pricked up her ears.

A something tapping against the window—a shadowy figure standing like a blot outside.

"Miss Mabel," it said in a whisper; and somehow, I heard the softly-spoken words amid all the tumult of wind and rain. It was Jem, and I went to the window.

"Open it, Miss Mabel," he said, in a strangely agitated voice; and I at once obeyed and opened it.

"I'm come to warn ye. Keep lights a-burning all the night, or ye'll be robbed, or maybe worse," he told me, his arms on the window-sill, his head bowed a hopeless despair on his swarthy face. "Do ye understand?"

"Yes, no. What does it mean?" I faltered in girlish fright.

"Uncle and a lot more are going to break into your house and rob it. Don't be afraid, but keep lights a-burning, that's all. Ye need fear no harm if ye do that."

"What are you on the work, Jem?" I asked, in a dazed way.

"Not likely, missie, when maybe they'll kill me for warning of ye."

I caught a glimpse of his poor, dreary, troubled eyes in the gathering gloom; it made my heart quiver.

"Jem, forgive me."

I put my hand out at the window into the wind and rain to detain him; his jacket was dripping. But he shook off my hold, not roughly or rudely, but with a despairing movement, as of one quite alone, with none to understand or trust him.

"Stay, Jem," I pleaded.

"Good-bye, Miss Mabel. I shall try to [illegible] up to Nan in time. Be sure I'll never harm ye.

"Mind what I've told ye, and keep the lights burning."

"But, Jem, the fowl you took, what of it?" My words went out to him through wind and rain.

"I never took it. I wouldn't; and they beat me black and blue."

This was the answer which came drifting in to me, with a shower of rain-drops. He was gone; the dusk of evening fell between us, and I closed the window.

Well, that night we kept lights burning all over the house—Mary, Jack, and I, with our terrible secret between us.

We never told my grandmother, for fear of agitating her, but we summoned the gardener, who walked sentinel round the house all the night.

No sound came to alarm us—no, nothing, save the tumult of wind and rain, and the roar of the river.

In the morning we heard of the departure of the gipsies, and we often speak of our faithful little feline friend's rescue from the river, and the things which it brought about.

ARTIFICIAL GRACES.—Leave actresses all artificial contrivances to enchance beauty. Girls will derive no benefit from them—no real advantage in making dark hair golden, in preparations to render the eyes lustrous, in artificial bloom for the cheeks, nor in the abundant use of powder. All these artifices have a rather ghastly effect in the light of day, and should be left to the stage. It is part of the profession of the actress to understand and avail herself of all such cosmetics as art places at her disposal; but this is not in any way [illegible] young [illegible] to preserve the charms of youth are [illegible] regular living; [illegible] wholesome diet, early hours, a proper amount of exercise in the fresh air, and [illegible] useful occupation both for the mind and body.

WHEN the British P[illegible] turns to his residence [illegible] the morning, from [illegible]" he continues the [illegible] through his [illegible] down to the [illegible] self on the Scotch b[illegible]

A COMMERCIAL EXPERIMENT.

GRIMALDI, otherwise Honore V., ascended his throne of Monaco in the year 1815, and did not die until 1846. Three times only during his reign of twenty-five years did he set foot within the principality of Monaco; but he never ceased to bear his subject in mind.

From his capacious mind he evolved a famous fiscal scheme.

Through the intermediary of a French "man of straw" called Chappon, his Highness Honore V. became the Farmer and Miller General of his dominions. In his creature Chappon was vested the monopoly of dealing in grain, and grinding it into flour.

The wretched Monegasques were compelled to sell their corn to the Prince's agent, who duly exported the sound grain to foreign parts, and he was good enough to sell them for the making of their daily bread flour ground from spoiled cargoes of wheat, which was the sweeping of the wharves of Marseilles and Genoa. Every one, the foreigner and the native alike, was compelled to eat this bread, and no other; captains trading vessels who arrived in port with any surplus bread or biscuit on board were liable to a fine of $100 and the confiscation of the crafts; and the bakers of Monaco were forced to placard outside their shop-doors a statement of the daily consumption of the staff of life by the families who dealt with them.

If, in the opinion of the police, the people did not eat enough bread, they were induced to amend their appetites by means of domiciliary visits, lawsuits and evictions. There was also a heavy tax on every lamb, calf, foal and kid born. Fruit trees were likewise subject to a grievous impost, and but that in the fulness of time Honore descended to a more congenial world he might have crowned his fiscal scheme by taxing new-laid eggs, onions and shrimps. As it was, this unmitigated old rascal managed to amass in the course of his twenty-five years of plunder a fortune of over $1,000,000.

THE WATER-CADDIES.—They were a very curious tribe of Edinburgh residents, consisting of both men and women, but the former were perhaps the more numerous. Their business was to carry water into houses; and therefore their days were passed in climbing up lofty stairs, in order to get into flats.

The water was borne in little casks, and was procured from public wells, which were then pretty thickly planted in the principal streets; and as there were far more candidates than spouts, there was a group of impatient and wrangling claimants who, when not eloquent, sat upon their kegs.

These encumbrances of drawers of water had a striking appearance. The barrels, when filled, were slung upon their backs, suspended by a leather strap, which was held in front by the hand.

Their carriage was made easier by leaning forward, which threw the back outward; and hence stooping was the natural attitude of these sons and daughters of the well. They were known by this peculiarity even when off work.

Their backs, which would otherwise have never been dry, were protected by thick layers of hard black leather, on which the barrels lay; and the leather had a slight curl up at its lower edge, which, acting as a lip, threw the droppings, by which they would always be tracked off to the sides. Still, however, what with filling, and trickling, and emptying, it was a moist business.

They were all rather old, and seemed little; but this last might be owing to their stooping.

The men generally had old red jackets, probably the remnants of the Highland Watch, or of the City Guard; and the women were always covered with thick duffle greatcoats, and wore black hats like the men.

They very seldom required to be called; for every house had its favorite "water-caddie," who knew the habits and wants of the family, and the capacity of the single cistern, which he kept always replenishing at his own discretion, at the price of a penny for each barrel.

Their intercourse with families civilized them a little; so that in spite of their plashy lives, and public-well discussions, they were rather civil and very cracky creatures. What fretted them most was being obstructed in going up a stair; and their occasionally tottering legs testified that they had no bigotry against qualifying the water with a little whisky.

They never plied between Saturday night and Monday morning; that is, their employers had had hot water all Sunday. These bodies were such [illegible] that the extinction of their [illegible] only was roused again [illegible] to get into the [illegible]

A [illegible] gen[illegible] hand [illegible] wh[illegible] to

Grains of Gold.

He that is master of himself, will soon be master of others.

Men often blame themselves for the purpose of being praised.

If a man is born a liar, there is nothing he can improve on as fast.

The man who feels certain that he will not succeed, is seldom mistaken.

The world does not require so much to be informed as it does to be reminded.

Our bravest lessons are not learned through success, but misadventure.

Who never walks save where he sees men's tracks, makes no discoveries.

Circumstances are the rulers of the weak; they are but the instruments of the wise.

Have the courage to prefer propriety to fashion; one is but the abuse of the other.

The sphere of Christian duty is not there nor yonder, but here, just where you are.

You have become calm—is it a proof of strength gained, or of growing feebleness?

How absurd to be afraid of death, when we are in the habit of rehearsing it every night.

The sublimity of wisdom is to do those things fitting which are to be desired when done.

Curiosity is a thing that makes us look over other people's affairs, and overlook our own.

All nature is a vast symbolism. Every material fact has sheathed within it a spiritual truth.

To be a criminal is to be afraid of the day because you see, and of the night because you do not.

It is one of the worst errors to suppose that there is any other path of safety except that of duty.

Don't be anxious until you are compelled to be; many a man worries about a ghost that never appears.

Do not try to force yourself into the confidence of others. If they give their confidence, never betray it.

He who has nowhere to lay his head often suffers less than he who does not know where to put his hands.

One year of noble and generous life is worth a century of cowardly years, and self-cares and over-solicitude.

A Spanish proverb says men are usually tempted by the devil, but an idle man positively tempts the devil.

The only solid basis for civil government is the proper enforcement of parental authority in the homes of the people.

Truly great men are polite by instinct to their inferiors. It is one element of their greatness to be thoughtful for others.

There's a great deal of modesty in the world that isn't shocked by any sight, so long as it can be seen through a crack.

What a folly it is to dread the thought of throwing away life at once, and yet have no regard to throwing it away piecemeal.

The fruits of the spirit, like those of the earth, ripen only after it has felt the fierce heats of summer and the cutting blasts of autumn.

It will generally be found those who sneer habitually at human nature, and affect to despise it, are among the worst and least pleasant samples.

Some lives are like a footprint in the hard rock, enduring forever; and some are like a footprint in the sand, to be erased by the incoming tide.

There are no fragments so precious as those of time, and none so heedlessly lost by people who cannot make a moment, and yet can waste years.

Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary that you should do so, and to hold your tongue when it is better that you should be silent.

When those who profess to be Christians visit, from choice, sinful amusements, they simply invite the devil to fasten them and lead them to perdition.

Words of praise, indeed, are almost as necessary to warm a child into genial life as acts of kindness and affection. Judicious praise is to children what the sun is to flowers.

It was the policy of the good old gentleman to make his children feel that home was the happiest place in the world; and I value this as one of the choicest gifts a parent can bestow.

The welfare of each one is so connected with the welfare of all that no absolute independence is possible. He who fancies that simply to mind his own business, and let other persons alone, is all that is due to himself or them, makes a grievous mistake, for which in his future experience he will have to pay the penalty.

If you think it right to differ from the times, and to make a stand for any valuable point of morals, do it, however rustic, however antiquated it may appear; do it, not for insolence, but seriously as a man who wore a soul of his own in his bosom, and did not wait till it was breathed into him by the breath of fashion.

The power of receiving vivid and acute impressions is called sensitiveness. If these impressions, however, are not married with activity of soul, if they are not vitalized by thought and embodied in the life, they cease to be of any value to the character, and even lose their beauty which we are in the habit of according to them.

Man is more exalted than his dwelling-place: his look is upward, and the wings of his soul are poised for flight; and when the sixty minutes which we call sixty years, have struck their last, he soars upward, and kindles as he rises, and the ashes of his early covering fall away, and the purified soul arrives on high free from the stain of earth and sin.

Femininities.

Woman is an idol that man worships until he throws it down.

There is no torture that a woman would not suffer to enhance her beauty.

Wives ought to be virtuous; they are frequently called upon to have virtue enough for both.

A Michigan girl tried to commit suicide by swallowing thirty-six shirt buttons, but did not succeed.

"My wife," remarked Fitznoodle, "is fairly crazy over the fashions. She's got the delirium trimmins."

The friends of woman suffrage in Illinois propose to make an energetic effort to capture the Legislature to be elected this year.

Andrews, Ind., has a ladies' cornet band of eleven pieces, with George McCartney as leader. They are said to be very proficient performers.

Marriage, says a recent writer, is like a besieged city; those who are inside would be happy to get out, and those outside desire to enter.

Men are so fearful of wounding a woman's vanity that they rarely remember that she may, by some possibility, possess a grain of common sense.

A young lady in a Boston office is so particular about her personal appearance that she always takes a peep in the mirror before answering a call at the telephone.

A girl who has got tired of "living out," and wants to earn her money easily, announces that she will give a series of twelve kitchen lectures. Her subject will be: "How to Manage Mistresses."

An Indianapolis paper relates that a young lady of that city, while riding in a horse car, was seized with a sudden fit of sneezing and burst one of her eyeballs, from which she has been suffering the most intense pain.

Now the maiden sadly sighs, with a mist before her eyes, as she settles back and in her mind doth dream, dream, dream; soon a-snoring she will see, Charles Augustus Henry B., whose pocketbooks she'll empty on ice cream, cream, cream.

Do not treat your wife with inattention in company, it touches her pride, and she will not respect you more or love you better for it. Do not upbraid your wife in the presence of a third party, the sense of your disregard for her feelings will prevent her from acknowledging her fault.

"Your plain-speaking men," says the Countess of Blessington, "are usually either of obtuse intellect, or of ill-natured dispositions, wounding the feelings of others from want of delicacy of mind and sensibility, or from intentional malice." Such men are undesirable companions.

Recently a woman was granted a divorce from her husband on the ground of desertion at Pioche, Nevada. This was the second time she was released from her matrimonial bonds, and she is not yet twenty years old. Immediately after her prayer was granted by the court she was remarried.

At the close of the war two women at Penfield, Ga., began farming with an old blind horse. Now they own a good plantation, well stocked, and have eighteen or twenty bales of cotton on hand. One attended to the farm, while the other managed the household affairs.

A young lady in the upper part of the city who has only one party dress, a blue one, and yet who wishes to have it understood that she is well fitted for society, whenever she is at a gathering says, "I really didn't know this evening what dress to wear, whether my new one, blue one, or the one I wore last."

A long story in one of the papers is headed, "Her First Love." We have no time to read long stories, but if it was really and truly her first love, it is safe to say he got away. It takes a practical hand to know just when to reel in, pay out more line, and "play" him till he can be landed and put in the basket.

Flora Clarkson, aged 17, heard a man breaking the glass of the room in which she and her sister were sleeping, in Syracuse, the other night, sprang from her bed, and discovered a man in a tree outside. Getting a revolver, she blazed away at him. Spots of blood were found the next morning. Both girls were sick with measles at the time.

Twenty-four young women of Nevada City, Cal., mocking the military boys of the place, organized a broom brigade. Their uniform consisted of muslin gowns, trimmed with red calico, jaunty jackets of similar fabrics and blue caps. Each carried an ordinary broom, made fantastic with bits of red ribbon. The drill is described as delightfully entertaining.

Parisian horsewomen find dark riding habits too sombre, so they are adopting instead others made of pale gray or creamy white cloth. The glove-fitting bodice is fastened with buttons of carved pearl, and the tight sleeves are concealed almost to the elbow by the long deerskin gloves drawn over them. The hat is a white felt Gainsborough, lined with dark velvet, and trimmed with long plumes.

Two fine-looking prospects were discovered lately by an indomitable woman, Mrs. Josephine Smith, of San Francisco. She is deserving of success. She traveled on snow-shoes high up on the mountain sides. Some places the snow was very deep, but nothing daunted, she traveled on, with a pick on her shoulder. An assay from one of her late prospects warrants development. She takes up tools for active service soon.

A Leadville lady is getting up a novelty in the line of an autograph quilt, which she promises to raffle off for the benefit of the widow of an officer shot the other day. She has sent a square of cloth and a pencil of indelible ink to all the American celebrities, with the request that they return the same with their autograph and a sentiment indorsed thereon. The result has been flattering, and she has already quite a collection.

Queen Victoria is punctilious in the recognition of the devotion of her servants. The old couple who had charge for many years of her Swiss cottage at Osborne died last year, and over their graves the Queen has placed a stone inscribed with the record of their service, with this addition:—"This stone was erected by Queen Victoria and her children, January, 1881. He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much."

News Notes.

Long silk gloves of pale sage green are very fashionable.

Oscar Wilde expects to net $30,000 by his lectures in this country.

It is estimated that the gypsy children of England number 30,000.

The new Chinese immigration law goes into effect next August.

The hair, to be fashionably dressed, must fall low on the neck and brow.

The debt of France is double that of the United States, our legal tenders included.

Mrs. Jesse James talks of the "profits of the business" of her late enterprising husband.

Henry Ward Beecher's brother James is about to build a $40,000 summer hotel in Ulster county, N. Y.

Russian Nihilists are not peasants, but members of the lowest stratum of the middle classes.

A Kansas man, who appeared on 'Change in St. Louis the other day, carries a head 28 inches in circumference.

The coffin used at a Pleasant Ridge, Ohio, funeral was painted red, white and blue, and draped with Union flags.

Rome recently celebrated her two thousand six hundred and thirty-fifth birthday with appropriate honors.

It is the fashion now in London for bridemaids to have brilliantly-colored dresses in contrast with the bride's white.

Ladies' slippers in patent leather are very stylish, sharing place with crocodile skin. Both are used for foxing ladies walking boots.

A mortgage on personal property, which was recorded in Boston the other day, provided for a rate of interest at 50 per cent. per annum.

A Kentuckian has a sheep that chews tobacco equal to a man. Whenever it gets out of the weed, it will bleat until it gets another chew.

A Maysville, Mo., paper complains because drunken rowdies are allowed to sit at the hotel tables in that town with revolvers alongside their plates.

The laundry folks say they can always tell the fastidious man by his sending twenty-seven cuffs and collars to the laundry accompanied by an only shirt.

In his official surroundings, the Governor of New York rolls in luxury. The furniture and fittings of the rooms in the capital at Albany are said to have cost $150,000.

Krupp, the German iron king, is the largest single employer of labor in the world. He has recently added 8,000 to his industrial army, making the number now 40,000.

Mrs. Esther E. Cooley, of Bingham, Me., has received a commission from Governor Plaisted to solemnize marriages, administer oaths, and take acknowledgements of deeds.

Bancroft, the historian, has been forty-eight years writing the "History of the United States," and yet it is only brought down to the election of the first President.

General Abe Buford, in his recent address in defence of horse-racing cited the example of the Bishop of Canterbury, who, with his entire suite, always attends the Derby races.

An engineer at Nantes invented a machine called the "Automatic Extinctor," which, after giving instant warning of a fire in a theatre or elsewhere, will set off to aid in putting out the flames.

Mrs. E. Moore, a Brooklyn deputy sheriff, was re-appointed for a third term last week, and received from the other attaches of the office a handsome gold badge, with her name on it, in recognition of the event.

Lydia Adams, said to be 113 years old, died at Eureka, Mo., the other day. She claimed to have been a servant of George Washington, and to have sold peanuts to American soldiers in the war of the Revolution.

Some of the imported fans are likely to prove a source of coolness in one way, if not in the way intended,—between a husband and his wife who insists on having one. The prices of the fancies run from $75 to $450.

It was deemed singular that eight employes of the New York Central Railroad, at Buffalo, should come out simultaneously with Sunday suits of like material. The explanation was found in the fact that they had plundered a freight car.

A race for a purse of $20,000 has been arranged at Paris between a horse and a snail, the horse to go 25 miles while the snail is to crawl eight feet. The backer of the snail to be allowed to stimulate and steer it by a cabbage leaf sprinkled with sugar.

One of the funny incidents of life was recently furnished by a fish-hawk in the northern part of New Jersey. It found a sardine-box, which it carried far up into the air, and let drop on a stone rock. After three trials it left, apparently disgusted.

A Justice in New Bedford, Mass., has imposed a fine of $5 and costs upon a father for slapping his 15-year-old daughter in the face. At the same time he took occasion to remark that he did not justify the daughter in the disobedience which prompted the punishment.

In a large Cincinnati billiard hall two men had a fight with pool balls. The missiles were thrown with reckless force, not only injuring the combatants, but smashing about all the glass in the place, denting the fine woodwork, and bruising several spectators. The repairs will cost $1,200.

Can't Get It.

Diabetes, Bright's Disease, Kidney, Urinary or Liver Complaints cannot be contracted by you or your family if Hop Bitters are used; and if you already have any of these diseases, Hop Bitters is the only medicine that will positively cure you. Don't forget this, and don't get some puffed-up stuff that will only harm you.

HEALTH IS WEALTH.

HEALTH OF BODY IS WEALTH OF MIND.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound without caries, and your complexion fair use **RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.**

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body—QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

No matter by what name the complaint may be designated, whether it be Scrofula, Consumption, Syphilis, Ulcers, Sores, Tumors, Boils, Erysipelas, or Salt Rheum, diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, Bladder, Womb, Skin, Liver, Stomach, or Bowels, either chronic, or constitutional, the virus of the disease is in the BLOOD which supplies the waste, and builds and repairs these organs and wasted tissues of the system. If the blood is unhealthy, the process of repair must be unsound.

The Sarsaparillian Resolvent not only is a compensating remedy, but secures the harmonious action of each of the organs. It establishes throughout the entire system functional harmony, and supplies the blood vessels with a pure and healthy current of new life. The skin, after a few days use of the Sarsaparillian becomes clear, and beautiful. Pimples, Blotches, Black Spots, and Skin Eruptions are removed; Sores and Ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from Scrofula, Eruptive Diseases of the Eyes, Mouth, Ears, Legs, Throat and Glands that have accumulated and spread, either from uncured diseases or mercury, or from the use of Corrosive Sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS AND PREPARE THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY, ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Mumps, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Tic Doloreux, Toothache, Earache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds or Bruises, Chilblains, Frost Bites, or with Strains, Cramps or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a perfect cure. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

We repeat that the reader must consult our books and papers on the subject of diseases and their cure, among which may be named:

"False and True,"
"Radway on Irritable Urethra,"
"Radway on Scrofula,"

and others relating to different classes of Diseases.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to **RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.**

☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

There can be no better guarantee of the value of DR. RADWAY'S old established R. R. R. REMEDIES than the base and worthless imitations of them, as there are False Resolvents, Reliefs and Pills. Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

NERVOUS-DEBILITY

Vital Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.

Been in use 30 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.

Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co.,
109 Fulton Street, New York.

To any suffering with Catarrh or Bronchitis who earnestly desire relief, I can furnish a means of Permanent and Positive Cure. A Home Treatment. No charge for consultation by mail. Valuable Treatise Free. "The remedies are the outgrowth of his own experience; they are the only known means of permanent cure."—Baptist.

Rev. T. P. CHILDS, Troy, O.

"Presenting the Bride" Heard From.

Marbledale, Ind., April 27, '82.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

MRS. E. GRAY.

Troy, Ala., April 25, '82.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you many subscribers. Am quite proud of it.

S. M. ADAMS.

Muskogee, Ind., April 24, 82.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers from me shortly, as many of my friends expressed a desire to subscribe, and how could they feel otherwise, with such a paper, and such a premium!

MRS. B. A. ROBERTSON.

Romney, Ind., April 22, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

JENNIE M. GREGORY.

Belmont, Wis., April 28, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it. Please accept my thanks.

B. M. HATFIELD.

South Bethlehem, Pa., April 26, '82.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

F. G. HUBER.

Brooks, Kans., April 27, '82.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium they ever saw. Will do all I can for you.

H. E. BARSCH.

Monticello, Fla., April 25, '82.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

W. D. SANDERS.

Buffalo, N. Y., April 27, '82.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. We consider it a gem. Have given it a conspicuous place in our gallery for the inspection of our friends. The picture is beautiful.

M. D. FIELD.

Philadelphia, Pa., April 26, '82.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

H. P. TAYLOR.

Marshall, Tex., April 27, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in in the way of new subscribers.

W. F. BLOCKER.

Syracuse, Nebr., April 25, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

H. T. VOSE.

Wyandotte, Nebr., April 24, '82.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

E. M. O. CANN.

Wabash, Ind., April 26, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed. I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

ANNA FELTHOUSE.

Cincinnati, O., April 25, '82.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounces it beautiful. Many of them say they will subscribe.

J. L. KANE.

Canton, Mo., April 25, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

JENNIE JOHNSON.

Frostburg, Md., April 26, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours leads them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

M. F. WOLF.

Bremen, Tex., April 27, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Many thanks.

W. J. M. WHALEY.

Humorous.

Patients do more for doctors than doctors do for patients. The patients enable the doctors to live.

It costs this country $3,000 to bury a Congressman, but you never hear any complaint about the price.

Why is the money you are in the habit of giving to the poor like a newly-born babe? Because it's precious little.

To get the best Cod Liver Oil in the world ask your druggist for **Baker's.** If not kept by him, it will pay to send direct for it. Prices and valuable information mailed on request. John C. Baker & Co., 815 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Old Gold Bought.—Silver and Platinum of all kinds. Full value paid. J. L. Clark, Reliable Refiner of all Residues containing gold or silver. 923 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa. Send by mail or express. Mention THE POST.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 24 Sawyer Street, Boston, Mass.

Bartlett's PILE SUPPOSITORIES RAPID RELIEF CERTAIN CURE.

ORGANS

Five Octaves, one 3-5 Sets Reeds, *Eight Stops*, including *Sub-Bass, Octave Coupler, Stool*, Book and Music, in Solid Black Walnut Case

Fancy High Top, as above

ONLY $30.

THIS ORGAN IS BUILT ON THE OLD PLAN.

The Famous Beethoven Organ

27 Stops, 10 Sets Reeds, $90.

Soon to advance to $125. Order now. Remit by Bank Draft, Post Office Order, or Registered Letter. Boxed and shipped without a Moment's Delay. Catalogue Free. Address or call upon

DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

L. S. L.

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION! OVER HALF A MILLION DISTRIBUTED.

Louisiana State Lottery Company.

Incorporated in 1868 for 25 years by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes—with a capital of $1,000,000—to which a reserve fund of $350,000 has since been added.

By an overwhelming popular vote its franchise was made a part of the present State Constitution adopted December 2d, A. D., 1879.

Its Grand Single Number Drawings will take place monthly. *It never scales or postpones.* Look at the following Distribution:

GRAND PROMENADE CONCERT, during which will take place the **145th Grand Monthly** AND THE **EXTRAORDINARY SEMI-ANNUAL DRAWING At New Orleans, Tuesday, June 13th, '82.**

Under the personal supervision and management of Gen. G. T. BEAUREGARD, of Louisiana, and Gen. JUBAL A. EARLY, of Virginia.

Capital Prize, $100.000.

☞ **Notice.—Tickets are Ten Dollars only. Halves, $5; Fifths, $2; Tenths, $1.**

LIST OF PRIZES.

1	CAPITAL PRIZE OF	$100,000	$100,000
1	GRAND PRIZE OF	50,000	50,000
1	GRAND PRIZE OF	25,000	25,000
2	LARGE PRIZES OF	10,000	20,000
4	LARGE PRIZES OF	5,000	20,000
20	PRIZES OF	1,000	20,000
70	"	500	35,000
200	"	300	60,000
200	"	200	40,000
600	"	100	60,000
10,000	"	10	100,000

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

100	Approximation Prizes of	$200	$20,000
100	" "	100	10,000
100	" "	75	7,500

11,279 Prizes, amounting to $502,500

Gen. G. T. BEAUREGARD, of La. } Commissioners.
Gen. JUBAL A. EARLY, of Va. }

Application for rates to clubs should only be made to the office of the Company in New Orleans, La.

For information apply to

M. A. DAUPHIN, New Orleans, La.

or M. A. DAUPHIN, 157 La Salle Street, Chicago, Ills.,

or M. A. DAUPHIN, 607 Seventh St., Washington, D. C.

The New York Office is removed to Chicago.

N. B.—Orders addressed to New Orleans will receive prompt attention.

The particular attention of the Public is called to the fact that the entire number of the Tickets for each Monthly Drawing is sold, and consequently all the prizes in each drawing are sold and drawn and paid.

(From the *Home Journal.*)

A REMARKABLE DISCOVERY,

A REAL SKIN CURE.

THERE IS ONLY ONE

AND THAT WITH SIMPLE NAME.

Beware of imposters, pirates, or any old articles which now suddenly claim to be best. They have been tried and found wanting, while this has been proved a remarkable success.

NO POMPOUS NAME.

This curative needs no pompous or incomprehensible title of Greek or Latin to sustain it, but its simple English name appeals directly to the common sense of the people. And the people are signally manifesting their appreciation of this frankness by selecting and using Dr. Benson's SKIN CURE in preference to all other professed remedies.

Dr. C. W. Benson has long been well known as a successful physician and surgeon, and his life study has been the diseases of the nervous system and of the skin; since he has been persuaded to put his New Remedy and Favorite Prescription as a "Skin Cure" on the market, various things have sprung up into existence, or have woke up from the sleepy state in which they were before, and now claim to be *The Great Skin Cures.*

☞ Beware of imitations, or the various articles which have been advertised for years or struggled along, having no real hold or merit on the public, that now endeavor to keep head above water by advertising themselves as "The Great Skin Cure." None is genuine and reliable except Dr. C. W. Benson's Skin Cure. Each package and bottle bears his likeness. Internal and external remedy, two bottles in one package. Price $1.00, get at your druggist's.

RELIEF for all OVERWORKED BRAINS.

CAUSE AND CURE.

Dr. C. W. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills are valuable for school children who suffer from nervous headaches caused by an overworked brain in their studies, and for all classes of hard brain workers whose overtasked nervous centers need repair and sedation. Nervous tremor, weakness, and paralysis are being daily cured by these pills. They correct costiveness, but are not purgative. Price, 50 cents, or six boxes for, $2.50, postage free, to any address. For sale by all druggists. Depot, Baltimore, Md., where the Doctor can be addressed. Letters of inquiry freely answered.

C. N. CRITTENTON, New York, is Wholesale Agent for Dr. C. W. Benson's remedies.

80 SAMPLE CARDS, All New, name on 10c. Agts. outfit 5c. CARD WORKS, Birmingham, Conn.

40 Large Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, with name, 10c. Postpaid. G. I. REED & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

It Pays to sell our Rubber Printing stamps; samples free. J. M. Mitter & Co. Cleveland, O.

65 Gold, Motto Birds, all Chromos, 65 styles, name on 10c, 6 packs 50c. O. A. Brainard, Higganum, Ct.

DR. A. POLLARD'S

EXPERIENCE WITH

DR. SHERMAN'S RUPTURE TREATMENT.

Fortunately, in looking over a newspaper, I noticed your advertisement, glanced over it, and then hesitated, thinking perhaps it was a new dodge—the old truss with its train of inflictions offered under a more enticing name. However, I was a victim of rupture, and anxious for relief, and carefully read it over again; then felt somewhat encouraged and hopeful, as my experience coincided with your condemnation of trusses, which, together with the absence of the usual fulsome braggadocia, decided me to give your method a trial; and though living a considerable distance from you, I took the journey, saw and conversed with you, received your treatment, and have used it now a period of three months with a pleasure and benefit that it is absolutely useless for me to undertake to describe; indeed, my improvement in every sense of the word is wonderful, and my faith greatly strengthened in a permanent cure as the final result.

Now, in justice to humanity, from my knowledge of your treatment through what it has done for me, I shall, whenever occasion offers, recommend it. Recently, I went considerably out of my way to a brother physician in an adjoining county, who, if possible, has been more terribly afflicted than myself. He was glad to learn of my improvement, and promised he would call on you as soon as he could arrange to leave his practice long enough to do so.

And now, in conclusion, Doctor, permit me to say that I do most devoutly thank God and every other influence that determined me to call on you and use your remedies. Yours very truly,

A. POLLARD, M. D.

Westport, N. Y., Sept. 23, 1881.
To Dr. J. A. Sherman, 251 Broadway, New York.

HENRY POHLMANN'S LETTER

In reply to a letter of inquiry written to him by Mr. J. H. McGee, of Baltimore, Md.:

J. H. McGEE, Baltimore—Dear Sir: In reply to your letter I must say that Dr. SHERMAN has cured me as solid as a rock. You may take my word for that. I have not used his treatment for one year. I have done laborious work and have felt no symptoms of rupture. I feel no more pains in my system. I feel like a morning star. I feel like a new man, and you may rely on my word.

Yours truly, HENRY POHLMANN, Jr.
Union, Franklin Co., Mo.

Extract from Mr. B. F. George's Statement.

Dr. J. A. SHERMAN—Dear Sir: Having used your rupture treatment, and been permanently cured, I have spoken highly of its merits and recommend it to my friends. B. F. GEORGE, Attorney-at-Law, Kent, Union Co., Ia.

The evidence here submitted of Dr. SHERMAN'S unexampled success in the treatment of

RUPTURE

finds demonstration in the thousands of unsolicited testimonials and letters of grateful thanks which have appeared in medical journals, crediting the doctor with cures so remarkable as to excite the wonder, not only of patients, but of the profession as well. His discovery must, therefore, take rank with the most valuable conclusions and results reached by therapeutic research, and place him upon a plane of general recognition as a benefactor of the race.

DR. J. A. SHERMAN,

and the only Dr. SHERMAN known to the public in connection with the treatment and cure of rupture, has now been favorably known for over thirty years as the only successful practitioner in his specialty in this country, as thousands of grateful men and women all over the land, who have been permanently cured by his treatment, bear witness. The skeptical who have been victimized by unprincipled quacks are cheerfully referred to prominent men in this and other cities who have availed themselves of the doctor's treatment.

Book, with likenesses of bad cases before and after cure, is mailed to those who send 10 cents.

Consultation days at principal office, 251 Broadway, New York, Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays of each week. Branch offices, 302 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa., and 43 Milk street, Boston, Mass. Days of consultation at branch offices will be given on application to principal office.

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THE attention of our readers is called to the large and showy organ advertisement of Daniel F. Beatty, of Washington, N. J., in this issue. Mr. Beatty is an extensive advertiser, and, as a natural consequence, is doing an extensive business. The "Beatty" Organs and Pianos are daily growing in favor, and are rapidly becoming known throughout the whole civilized world. If energy, perseverance, and integrity count for anything in this life, Mr. Beatty stands a good chance of reaching the top round of the ladder in his line of business.

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Of interest to every reader of this paper, who appreciates merit, beauty and sterling value.

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We don't sell **Diamante Brilliants**, but use them as a Premium for the Post. We are ambitious to secure the largest subscription list in the country; and we propose to work for it, spend money for it, and use every honorable means to attain our object. With such expensive premiums we lose money on the first year's subscription; and if we fail to do all we promise and give a premium, which does not meet or exceed the expectations of our readers, our work is thrown away, and next year we can't expect to find you a member of the Post family.

We have studied the premium problem thoroughly, and we offer our **Diamante Brilliant Premiums**, confidently believing that subscribers who receive them will not only help us get others, but continue our patrons for many years. The new diamonds cost more money and are worth more than any premium ever offered before, for every subscriber is really getting

TEN DOLLARS FOR NOTHING.

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"TIME TRIES ALL THINGS."—The *Post* is not an experiment; it is the oldest literary and family paper in America, now in its sixtieth year, and this offer should not be confounded with the tempting premiums of irresponsible parties. It is a large sixteen-page weekly, elegantly printed, folded, cut, and bound. Its fiction is of the highest order—the very best thought of the best writers of Europe and America. It covers the whole field of a first-class family paper; has Fashion, Needlework, Fireside Chat, Answers to Inquirers, Scientific News, and other departments, Sketches, Narratives, etc. Each volume contains twenty-six Serials from the pens of the best living authors, and upwards of two hundred short stories, and furnishes an amount of strictly first-class reading matter, alike instructive to every member of the household, which can be obtained nowhere else at 50 a year. The Post is the cheapest paper in existence, it has never missed an issue, and as to our reliability refer to any bank, express-office or reputable firm in Philadelphia.

In ordering state which of the premiums is desired. Size of finger may be obtained by cutting a hole the proper size in stiff paper or card board. Remittances should be made by post-office money order, registered letter, or bank draft. Address,

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That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

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For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. Mention this Paper.

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This beautiful Pipe Top Organ is made from seasoned black Walnut. It will stand the test of any climate. It is elegantly proportioned, the pipes are illuminated with brilliant colors lined with gold, ornately carved. The case has a rubbed varnish finish, will not take the dirt or dust. It is called "BEETHOVEN," as its musical effects are the most wonderful yet produced at any price, hence it is named after the World's greatest composer.

☞ For the purpose of placing this Pipe Top Organ upon the market without delay, so that all may see and acquaint themselves with its merits, I have fixed the price for the present at ONLY

$109.75

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If you want an Organ built on the old plan with 8 to 11 Stops, I can furnish them new for $30, $40, $50

Address or call upon **DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.**

NEW STYLE No. 0500. SOLID WALNUT CASE.
Dimensions: Height, 8 feet, Length 5 ins., Depth, 2 ins.

If you cannot call and see me personally, be sure to order a Beethoven on one year's trial, or send for Circulars, Illustrated Catalogues, and Quarterly Mid-summer Edition, before you decide to buy elsewhere.

We believe that our SUBSCRIBERS will find the Beethoven in every particular as represented in the above advertisement from the very fact that Mr. Beatty offers to refund the money paid, with interest, if after a year's use the instrument is not precisely as represented. He is building and shipping over one thousand a month. During the next thirty days he will make and ship 1,500, working nights until midnight in order to fill all orders promptly. The instrument is built on an entirely new plan in the art of organ building, and is patented so that no other maker can build one like it at any price. It contains a great variety of musical combinations suitable for the Parlor, Lodge, Church or Sabbath School.

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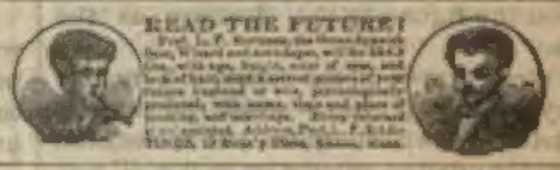

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

IT is not every one who is gifted with the art of arranging dress skirts, although there is no special difficulty in this necessary branch of dress-making.

The first thing to do is to disabuse the mind of the idea that one pattern will do for all and every kind of skirt. The skirt which is destined to be covered with flounces cannot be cut in the same way as that which is to have a tablier front, robings, and drapery.

Again, the train skirt, the demi-train, and the walking or ras-terre dress, all require a differently arranged foundation.

In making skirts the figure of the wearer should also be more carefully studied than it generally is; the cut that is admirable for a slender girl of eighteen is not so well adapted for a matronly woman of forty and it is not enough to cut it by the same pattern, simply enlarging it a little in all directions.

A great many dress skirts are cut altogether too narrow, and, in consequence never sit well or look graceful; two-and-a-quarter yards at the edge is sometimes enough for a small slight figure, but for an ordinary sized woman the width should be not less than two-and-a-half yards, the slope from the edge to the top being greater or less, depending on the width round the hips.

Again, the short skirt destined to be covered with flounces should not be cut in the same way as one that is to be trained and ornamented with draperies, scarfs, or a tunic. The width of the material has also to be taken into account, for economy in cutting must not be neglected when expensive materials are employed.

Supposing the full width of the skirt to be two-and-a-half yards the ordinary way of dividing this width is as follows: The front breadth, twenty-three inches, one gore on each side measuring twenty inches, and a back breadth of twenty-seven inches. The sides of the front breadth are gored and slightly rounded outwards from a few inches above the edge; the gores, however, must not be too sharp, and the top is reduced to a width of fourteen or sixteen inches; this, if still too wide, as it probably will be, can be further reduced by small pleats inside, taken on each side and fastened down for six or seven inches from the top.

The sides of the gores are sloped gently in the same manner, and the top is made to fit the figure by means of short pleats inside.

The back breadth is either perfectly straight or sloped a little at the top on each side.

This is a capital skirt for ordinary short costumes such as would be worn for morning wear, for walking and for all useful purposes and the top should be as carefully fitted on the figure or the dummy as the bodice.

The straightness of the seams is a matter of very great importance when the skirt is to be trimmed with flounces; it is essential that the foundation should be as flat as possible, and that there should be little or no fabric on the crown.

The back breadth is box-pleated at the top and if these pleats are fastened down at intervals no tie-backs or elastics are needed. If the short skirt is to be trimmed with draperies or scarfs the gores may be more sharply sloped, and some of the pleats at the top omitted; but in no case should the width from the edge to the top be too quickly reduced, the more gradual the slope of the gore the better the skirt will sit.

In making perfectly plain skirts of moire or rich brocade, careful fitting is most necessary; these skirts might almost be made with straight seams, and then fitted on the figure by small pleats; they should fall in a perpendicular line from the hips, and sharply cut gores are therefore altogether inadmissible.

They are made in the same way, that is with one gore on each side of the front breadth.

Trained and demi-trained skirts require two gores on each side, and the front is reduced to a width of nineteen or twenty inches; the gores next to the front are quite narrow, eleven or twelve inches only, and the same length as the front; the second gores are wider, from twelve to fourteen inches, and longer on the gored side which comes next to the back; the length here depends on whether the train is to be long or short; and the width of the back breadth is also determined by the length of the train.

For stout figures it is often advisable to cut even short skirts with two gores, making the back gore a trifle wider than the front one.

In all cases the width of the back breadth should be carried to the top and disposed of there in gathers or pleats. The economy of making the upper part of the back breadth plain, and giving the necessary fulness below the knees only, often results in making the skirt clip in at the back in a manner that cannot be altogether disguised or counteracted by any amount of material in the draperies over it.

A skirt cut with a very meagre back breadth is even more inelegant; it is impossible to move in it with any ease, and in consequence with any grace.

Extremely tight skirts are no longer considered ladylike, or if they are tight they should not have the appearance of being uncomfortably so.

For young ladies and girls, the loops for the tourniure are often exchanged for an enormous bow of either silk or woolen material, placed some inches below the waist line and either made up separately or with the ends of the scarf or sash which trims the front of the skirt.

Like the loops, the bow is often lined with a material of a different color, sometimes it is composed of two different fabrics. Soft silks like twilled surah or merveilleux satin looks best for the style of trimming, but fancy woolen materials are also prettily made up in the same way; they can be lined with foulard or thin silk.

The full bodice shirred on the shoulders and at the waist-line, and bouffant between, is a pretty change from the plain basque or cuirasse, and is becoming to all but over-stout figures.

It looks particularly well in light summer materials, such as veiling or muslin de laine, and also cambrics, percales, and other washing fabrics.

The shirred bodice is generally fastened round the waist with a round belt, or else the edge of the bodice is concealed by the folds of a scarf, or again small paniers are applied on to the fronts.

Among the many novelties in parasols as the season progresses, was composed of fancy straw, another of primroses sewn on a yellow cotton foundation.

Plain dark blue and plain dark red parasols have a painted flower covering two ribs and the figured cotton parasols are as varied as they are now.

The lace parasols are trimmed in three ways—either with the frills round the edge and two at the ferule, or with flounces up to the top, and a rose daintily laid near the ferule, or they are covered with Spanish place lace, and only one deep flounce as bordering.

The lining is of black or color with one fancy division, on which is a monogram, a spray of flowers, two birds on a branch, or some other device.

Flowered sateen and foulard are also used for lining, likewise narrow striped silk. In dark green, blue, and several shades of red, the lace parasols are fashionable.

For morning wear, cream sateen bordered with lace, caught up with cream worsted balls at intervals, cream and white batiste covered with lace, and ornamented with a humming bird, and also broad horizontal striped parasols of black and cream, brown and ecru, are used, as well as shepherd plaid and other fancy cotton and sateen parasols, to match the costume.

Red mantelets, trimmed with jet or gold bead passementerie and black Spanish lace, are fashionable. They are in cashmere and soft ribbed silk.

Some of the new capes, matching the costume, are cut open on the shoulders, the division filled in with flat loops of ribbon, matching in color, and falling on the arm.

The pointed bodices are frequently edged with lace, which has a pretty effect, and have flots of ribbon at the back, on which the point rests. The loops are placed on each side the point, and fall on to the skirt.

The waistbands of banded bodices are passed underneath the three centre seams at the back, where the bodice is cut long, like a coat, with the tails turned back, and lined. A sash is often added.

Fireside Chat.

HINTS ABOUT HATS.

THOSE who have "money in their purse," and can buy new hats as soon as the old ones begin to look "the worse for the wear," will not require to read or try my "Hints About Hats."

I address my remarks only to those with whom it is an imperative necessity to try to "gar auld claes look amaist as weel's the new."

I will plunge at once *in medias res*. When a black straw hat is beginning to look limp and discolored, it can be renewed and stiffened by rubbing it all over with gum dissolved in ink, in the proportions of a halfpenny-worth of gum to a penny bottle of ink. It can be applied with an old tooth-brush, to avoid staining the fingers, and should be well brushed into the straw.

When a "chalky white" straw is soiled, it can be renewed by painting the discolored parts with Chinese-white diluted with water.

Boys soil their white straw hats very quickly. They can be cleaned by washing in milk, and a little liquid gum rubbed on them when nearly dry. It is said that Leghorn hats or bonnets may be cleaned by washing with lime-juice, a little gum being applied afterwards.

The trimmings of hats can be renewed in various ways.

Velvet, when it is looking shabby, or tossed, should be ripped off, well dusted, the ends of thread picked out of that as well as the hat; the velvet is to be held over a saucepan of boiling water, with the pile up, keeping it close over the saucepan, so that the steam may rush out through the velvet, and not escape at the sides.

The velvet must not be allowed to dip into the water. The steam in going through the velvet raises the pile, and greatly improves the color of black. The hems should be ripped off the velvet, and be neatly re-hemmed before its being put on the hat again.

Black ribbon or silk may be cleaned by sponging with vinegar and water, the dust having been previously rubbed off with a dry cloth. Fold it up tightly, and leave it thus for some hours; iron while damp. Both plain and corded ribbon can be cleaned in this way.

There is no better method of renewing black crape when it becomes limp and "rusty," than the process of passing it backwards and forwards in the steam issuing from the spout of a fast-boiling tea-kettle. It must then be tightly drawn out, and rolled smoothly round a book.

Not only small pieces, such as trimmings of hats, may be done in this way, but even the folds of a dress; and the oldest crape will look almost as good as new.

The shape of a hat can be modernized and modified by adding a row of plait, if too small in the leaf, or by taking one off if too large; by adding to or taking from the height of the crown; by altering the "bend" of the leaf, or by simply removing a flower, or bow, or feather, so as to look more accordance with the fashion of the hour.

To Renew Black Cloth.—Put one ounce of extract of logwood in a basin, pour over it a pint of boiling water; when dissolved, rub this into the cloth with a stiff brush—a nail-brush does for the purpose. The dust must be well shaken out of the cloth before applying this. Rock ammonia dissolved in hot water will clean and improve black cloth. Apply with a sponge.

To Renew a Black Cashmere Dress.—Rip up, and carefully brush the cashmere, put one ounce of extract of logwood, dissolved in a little warm water, into a large earthenware pan; pour on it about two quarts of boiling water.

Fold each piece of cashmere, and lay them in the pan of dye. Press down with two pieces of stick, and turn over and over until all the material is thoroughly wet. Let it remain in the dye until the next day. Drain the liquid off; do not wring the cashmere, but hang the pieces on a line to get almost dry. Fold, and iron while damp. I have done black grenadine dresses in this way with perfect success. It must be remembered that all dyes must be used while hot.

Marie.—You can make a kind of net-work of silk patch-work, which can be laid on white linen, or other material, and will have capital effect as a cover for a sofa cushion. Prepare a number of square pieces of stiff muslin, about one and a quarter inch square and hollow out all the four sides a little, leaving the corners very sharp; cover these squares with silk, and work some little fancy stitch, such as coral or feather stitching round the edge. When you have a number of pieces ready, join them together at the corners only, and then lay the patch-work on the linen cover of the cushion, which will show through all the spaces between the squares, giving the effect of the well-known pattern in open white embroidery, called frequently the English design. You can further ornament the work by embroidering stars or spots at all the points where the four corners of squares meet, with colored silk. The squares can also be lined with linen, and the linen neatly turned over the edge on the right side, and stitched down. For the border of the cushion make a thick ruche of satin ribbon an inch wide, with very narrow white lace on each side. The ribbon is pleated up in treble box-pleats, caught together at the edge in the centre of each pleat.

Clarissa.—A very pretty trimming for afternoon tea cloths is colored Russian embroidery; this will be found a very inexpensive as well as a good wearing edging, as the colors are perfectly fast, and wash admirably.

Enquirer.—Flemish guipure is worked upon linen with two shades of cotton. For instance, supposing the color of the linen to be ecru, then the pattern is worked in satin stitch with ecru cotton, outlined with blue cotton. The patterns are joined together with even, regular threads, and the material is cut away underneath.

J. M.—Boot-bags can be made of cretonne matching the bed furniture, or of a plain woolen or cotton material, such as serge or colored oatmeal cloth, ornamented with a little crewel work. The bags can be made with one or two rows of pockets, allowing four small pockets, each one to contain a single boot, or three larger pockets to hold a pair of boots, to each row. The back should be lined with strong unbleached calico.

Correspondence.

RACHEL, (Montgomery, Ala.)—Not yet.

ANDY, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Erotic poetry describes that class of verse devoted to the affairs of love. The phrase is derived from Eros, God of Love, in Greek mythology.

SHOTLAND, (Hardin, Ky.)—Your sweetheart is not behaving so handsomely to you as you have done to her. If you have returned her presents at her request, she ought to return yours.

ED., (Baltimore, Md.)—President Arthur is a widower, having lost his wife two or three years ago. He has two children, a son and a daughter. The latter is too young to assist her father in doing the honors of the White House.

NOVO, (Hartford, Conn.)—Right, Left, Centre. These terms are thus used in France to distinguish political parties. The Right are the Conservatives, the Left the Radicals, the Centre the Moderates. The Left have a majority in the Chamber of Deputies.

SUB, (Conwayton, S. C.)—Send a postal addressed to yourself and we will give the required information. 2. Yes. 3. Broad street. It is eleven miles long. We do not know the highest building upon it, though none are remarkable in that respect.

OSCAR, (Camden, N. J.)—The meaning of the word Renaissance is literally a new birth. It is derived from the Latin *Re*, again, and *nascere*, to bear or to be born. In modern parlance, it means the revival of the work, the beauty, and the artistic forms of the middle ages, and a renewal of antique art life.

READER, (Warren, N. H.)—Knighthood in England is invariably conferred by the sovereign or by her express authority, and though originally given only for meritorious service in the field, is now extended to men who have in some way distinguished themselves in literature, science, art, or juridical ability.

KNIGHT, (Racine, Wis.)—The owl was the favorite bird of Minerva. Its solemn, contemplative bearing was supposed to be indicative of wisdom; hence in the sculptured or pictured representations of this goddess she is frequently attended by an owl. Sometimes the owl is perched on her helmet, sometimes on her shoulder or arm, and sometimes at her feet.

S. T., (Dover, N.H.)—It is not easy to define courtesy in a few words. It might be described as an appeal to the nobler and better nature of others to which that nature responds. It is due to ourselves. It is the crowning grace of others, the stamp of perfection upon character, the badge of the perfect gentleman, the fragrance of the flower of womanhood when full blown.

THOMAS W., (Lincoln, Me.)—If they are both mere friendly callers, and both live in the same place in which the lady resides, the one who called first should leave first. When a gentleman has come a long way, and from another part of the country, to call on a lady, and may not soon have another opportunity to see her, other things being equal, he should have the preference.

INQUIRER, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The evening paper was mistaken. The authoress of "Prince and Peasant," the serial which was recently concluded in THE POST is not a member of a New York literary family. The lady is a resident of this city, of Scotch descent, her only relations in this country being Major Alexander B. McGowen, of the United States Army, and Miss Ida Vernon, of the Union Square Theatre, New York city.

A. H. P., (Lycoming, Pa.)—The origin of the name of Outlaw, according to the analogies in such cases, probably came from the fact that somebody was very much outlawed in ancient times, or else that some feudal chief became distinguished for outlawing others. And as in those days, which antedated the rule of law, the persons outlawed were usually just as good men as those who outlawed them, it makes no difference from which the name was derived.

FIREMAN, (Page, Iowa.)—Opinions are divided as to the best fireproof materials. We have heard of cotton and straw, strange to say, strongly recommended for that purpose. The first is prepared by raw cotton of inferior quality, or the sweepings of factories, and mixing and converting them into a paste, which, after a short time, becomes as hard as a stone. The product is called architectural cotton, and is said to cost about a third that of brick. For the other, straw is treated in a way already known, and converted into pasteboard. The sheets thus prepared are soaked in a solution which hardens the fibres, and are then compressed under enormous power into beams and boards of any required size; and the effect of the soaking is said to render them difficult of combustion.

JESS, (Huron, Mich.)—You ask us to tell you how you can find out the age of two unmarried ladies. This is asking too much, for the age of no unmarried lady is a thing Lord Dundreary says that "no fellow can find out." In India, if you ask a woman her age, she invariably answers, "I do not know;" God knows;" and it is believed they tell the truth, for in reality they do not know. Here, however, where women are more intelligent, they all know their age, but stretch the truth, to say the least, to its utmost limits when speaking on that delicate subject. We can only advise you to go to the young ladies themselves, and put the question straight to each of them, and hear what they have to say in answer. Of course, neither they or any other creature can make you believe what they tell you, the rather as we take you yourself to be a young lady who has reached that fixed age in the life of all unmarried ladies.

F. D. M., (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Almost everything is in order for wedding presents—clocks, fans, lamps, table ware, ornaments, shawls, jewelry, furniture, rare specimens of china, little paintings, ornaments for the person—all are in order. A present is generally packed where bought, and sent with the giver's card from the shop to the bride directly. She should always acknowledge its arrival by a note written by herself. A young bride once gave mortal offence by not thus acknowledging her gifts. She said that she had so many that she could not find time to write the notes, which was naturally considered boasting and most ungracious. Gifts which display the personal taste or industry of the friends who send are particularly complimentary. A piece of embroidery, a painting, a water-color, are most flattering gifts, as they betoken long and predetermined interest. No friend should be deterred from sending a small present, one not representing a money value, because other and richer people can send a more expensive one. Often the little gift remains as a most endearing and useful souvenir. As for the propriety of displaying the presents, that is a matter decided by individual taste.